Lt Lorimer T-3 (1929-4; 1934-8) 1938 AVT Burushe AVT

THE BURUSHO OF HUNZA

a miserable ten—none of your 'some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold'—while lucerne only gives three crops. 248

'The Hunzukuts' main food is bread, of which the housewife makes a large variety, from the leavened wheatened cake with butter for feast days, the unleavened flapjack of wheat, barley or blended flours for everyday, to the bitter buckwheat scones of leaner times. Milk is not an article of diet; the animals yield little at the best and none at all when their own offspring is weaned. Such milk as there is contains little fat content, which is not to be wondered at in view of the food on which the animals exist; it is converted into butter, curds and such preservable forms. Butter is stored in birch-bark wrappings beneath an adjacent water-channel and broached only on festive occasions or for the entertainment of a guest. Meat is tasted at most twice or three times a year, at festivals or on some day of domestic rejoicing, a wedding or a birth, and then it will be 'some tainted wether of the flock, meetest for death' who supplies the sacrifice. 262 • 234

The womenfolk tend small vegetable plots in the corner of a field or separate garden, where carrots, turnips, marrows, gourds and half a hundred kinds of humble 'greens' are grown, and a few plants whose leaves or seeds are esteemed for flavouring, along with a few tobacco plants for the men's pipes. After grain and greens, the essential item of Hunza diet is the apricot, fresh in the early summer and dried during the rest of the year; mulberries, fresh and dried, come next in importance, then a few apples, pears and peaches (these little valued because they will neither keep nor dry) and a few grapes for such relatively well-to-do houses as can afford space and water to grow them. Grapes ripen too late to be dried into raisins and the small quantity not consumed fresh is converted into light wine, brightening the winter days for those who have it, and drunk within a couple of months of manufacture. The apricot has yet further uses. Its kernel yields the oil which lights very modestly the winter nights. The Burusho woman is said to refuse, most wisely, to live above the level of the ripe apricot (say 9–10,000 feet). This is, I suspect only a base pretext of her husband's for refusing to live at these altitudes himself. Be that as it may, the upper villages of Hunza are almost exclusively inhabited by immigrants from Wakhan accustomed to a treeless existence and a diet of barley only. Grafting fruit trees is an art thoroughly understood. The above-mentioned fruits supply the only sugar which the Hunza people know. 244 262 246 [278] [254] 361 245

Despite all diligence in tilling the ungrateful soil, despite the utmost 262

1: Lorimer T+J (1920+6; 1934+8) 1938 AVT Burushe AVT

262 care in rationing the year's supply (rationing begins the moment the first barley crop is harvested), scarcely a household we knew but was out of flour and out of potatoes weeks before the first barley was ripe, and was living solely on turnip tops, greens and edible weeds. 'Starvation Springtime' in Hunza evokes no poet's raptures, only a wailing of hungry babies who, as their mothers apologetically explain 'are too small to understand', and a tightening of the belt by those who do; but never a complaint. How these hardy people exist and work and smile—and keep on smiling—on a diet which no Minister of Health would consider even 50 per cent. adequate in quantity or 10 per cent. adequate in proteins, is a mystery, and must represent a miracle of natural selection over centuries. There are no sick or ailing in Hunza; men, women and children are wiry, tough and fit, and a fair proportion live to a ripe and honoured age, busy to the last about such tasks as suit their waning strength and valued for their experienced counsel, for no devilish inventions—cinemas, wireless or machines—have created a gulf between the generations.

147 838 561

243 476 Harvesting processes are extremely simple. When barley or wheat is ripe, the adults of the family turn out and pull up the shallow-rooted crop by hand, laying the swathes in neat rows to dry. Even when a sickle is used, it is used to pull with, not to cut. As soon as a suitable field is bare, it is flooded, and a circular (more rarely a rectangular) space is enclosed by a small mud wall four or five inches high. When the ground is soft but no longer wet, the whole family, down to the tiniest toddler, forms in line and marks time systematically over the surface to level it. After three floodings and tramplings the new threshing floor is as smooth and even as a hard tennis court. Two neighbouring houses sometimes share a threshing floor which becomes the focus of family activity till the last sheaf is gathered in. The cut crops are stacked conveniently near, and a small quantity of corn is spread on the centre of the floor. Then while Grandfather with his beautifully graceful five-pronged fork throws in more grain from time to time, the team of five cows, loosely lashed together by their muzzles, is driven round by man, woman, boy or girl in turns until the threshing is complete (PLATE III). The person in attendance on the trampling beasts has a switch in the right hand and in the left a wooden bowl as 'dung-dish' in which all excreta of either type are conscientiously collected, not only because the Hunza folk cannot afford to waste an ounce of manure but equally because they are too fastidious to tolerate the fouling of their food. Great was the contempt of our Hunza

243 262

I: Lattimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-6) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

companions who came down with us to Kashmir to observe peasants ploughing with *oxen* (whose wants could be less completely met) and without a dung dish!

When the corn is fully threshed, the winnowing begins in cooperation with a light breeze. Next the winnowed grain is passed through a coarse sieve (barakbèsh) whose mesh is composed of thin leather thongs which retain any particles of straw, and it is finally tossed in a finer sieve (gherbèl) which retains the grain and lets the dust through. The grain is then loaded into great skin-sacks and carried off to store. The due amount required for seed-grain is set aside first, and not the utmost extremity of hunger would induce a Hunza peasant to encroach thereon. Next, emergencies are budgeted for—births, weddings, dues such as rent (if any) and hospitality, which includes deaths in *other* homes, for relatives and friends would be disgraced if a bereaved family had themselves to bake during the first seven days of mourning. What then remains, represents the year's supply.

Ripe millet is treated by being beheaded, and the ears may then be threshed by cows or beaten with poles according to quantity. The buckwheats are beaten only, even small children merrily cooperating half in fun, half in earnest to show their prowess.

Grain for current use is carried to the mill in sacks or bags of skin. The mill-house is a picturesque cube of stone and mud situated beside a convenient irrigation channel. It may possess one wheel or two. The wheel is a vertical oblong of tree trunk, fitted with 10 or 12 wooden wings; the lower end of its axis is supported on a horizontal pole, the upper fitted into a central hole in the upper millstone. The water is led on to it by a steeply sloping hollowed log. The inside of the mill, lighted only from the door, is fitted with a cross rafter built into the walls on to which the hopper is ingeniously hung by a forked segment of tree. The hopper itself consists of a section of log, tapered and hollowed out. Attached by a string to the small tray below the aperture in the base of the hopper, is a loose clapper which is gently agitated by the rotation of the upper millstone on which it rests, this shakes the tray and encourages a steady flow of grain. The flour as ground is ejected into a hollow trough. Near by, a wooden pole, impaled on a horizontal wooden pin, projects up through the earthen floor. Each end of the pin rests on a 'Heath-Robinson' pile of stones and a simple adjustment of its height regulates the position of the lower millstone and thus the coarseness or fineness of the flour desired. The mill, the loom and the comparatively new-fangled lathe are the only

HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEMS

312 271 It was beautiful, soft, pure water which gave delightful baths, but heavily silt-laden and supposed not to be fit to drink. We were luckily able to get half a dozen big petrol drums from Gilgit (left behind empty by the R.A.F.), and we stored it in these and let the silt settle. This water served us for washing and for photography.

312 About two miles away there was a spring of clear but hard water that issues from the foot of a cliff down near river level. This was recommended for drinking. So we took on a special man, Sagi by name, as water-carrier and general washer-up, to help in pantry and kitchen. He was a nephew of our old friend Nazar and a good fellow, though for some reason a little less cheery in appearance than our other men. Twice a day he would walk the two miles, climb down and up the 500 or more feet, and bring water for our tea, etc., and for making up the photographic solutions. We paid him the princely sum of about a pound a month, and he was delighted, while his brothers divided amongst them the extra work at home.

Considering the labour involved, it made us feel rather pigs to drink tea half a dozen times a day and expect a daily bath. When two of us were photographing hard and perpetually wanting to wash negatives and prints in eight or ten changes of water, my heart rather bled for Sagi. One day that had been particularly severe I said as he appeared with more and more water buckets at the door of the dark-room: "Poor man, I'm afraid our photographs give you a lot of extra work and trouble." His usually quiet face lit up with a peculiarly charming smile: "Nay, Mother dear, it is a pleasure, not a trouble. The work and trouble are yours."

262 235 (624) The next thing in importance was food, and we found that we could, without apparent hardship to the people, buy a daily hen. There are a couple of officials whose job it is to see about supplies for travellers, and they arranged to get the fowls now from one village and now from another, so that our demands might not press too heavily on anyone. The Hunza hen is an athletic bird. You may see her fly like a lumbering, over-weighted pigeon 15 or 20 feet across a gully, and so we were not surprised to find her wing muscles well-developed.

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* [The water in the Dala, the aqueduct--Analyst]

HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEMS

Still she provided us with hen-water soup, and we varied our diet by having the wings for lunch and the legs for dinner, or vice versa. When the cold weather came and the flocks had returned from the mountain grazing grounds, we were sometimes able to vary her with mutton—athletic mutton.

Shafi, the camp cook, had one major fault—he could not cook for nuts. A minor one was that when anything went wrong he lost his head completely (as in the crossing of the Devil's Ford) and immediately did the wrongest thing that was possible. But he was willing, and no doubt did his best. Soon after we got in he went sick and we committed him to the care of the Compounder, who soon got him round. But we did not feel that we could face his food again. While he was ill, one Zaidu was announced who had come to pay his respects. Who was it but an old friend of Gilgit days who had been with us for four years as general underling! He had helped the cook and used often to cook for the nursery, so he was not without some elementary ideas. We offered to try him and he accepted with joy. His family could gladly manage the extra work at home, and hailed with pleasure the prospect of sharing his wages. We never thought of these jolly men as "servants" in any ordinary sense of the word. They were peasant proprietors in a tiny way, but though they had enough to eat and to wear, they were absolutely without cash, and were willing to do any honest work to get some. Zaidu looked much more flourishing and fitter than in Gilgit days. He was then rather young, and I suspect that the older servants put upon him a good deal, but now he had been living an independent life again and had got back his natural dignity and self-respect. His pleasure at the thought of working for us again was disarming. So we took him on, and though he was no chef he did us well. He was ingenious in devising new ways of cooking the half hen, and his scones were light and eatable, a pleasant change from Shafi's paper-weights. Moreover, he was willing to learn.

We were able to get white flour up from Gilgit for cakes and biscuits, but we found that native bread-flaps made from the local stone-ground wholemeal wheat were more appetizing than white bread in any form. They are made without

252 yeast and cooked on a griddle, like small, thin pancakes. Zaidu made them as of course, since they are the normal local food, and we had a few fresh for every meal (they are horrid stale). Their great merit is that they can be eaten without butter or
• 262 jam. This was a great advantage, for butter was a problem.
234 The tinned butter we brought with us for the road all went bad—you could not blame it in that heat—and butter in our sense of the word is unknown in Hunza.

There was fortunately a little cow's milk to be had, but the cows get so little to eat that their milk has not much butter-content. A really good Hunza cow yields at most a quart of milk a day after she has fed her calf, and she only gives milk at all for a month or two after the calf is born. So
[415] milk is no part of the regular local diet. The people normally milk into a gourd, which makes an excellent jug, but has the
[372] drawback that there is no ready way of cleaning it. Where fuel is so scarce no one could boil water merely to scald milk-vessels, and the method is to hold the gourd over the smoke of the fire. This seems to be perfectly wholesome, but it gives a gruesome taste to the milk, already sufficiently tainted with memories of yesterday, last week, last year. So we would send one of our people with a clean aluminium bucket and get the cow milked straight into that. In this way we procured as much as we needed for tea and coffee and puddings, but of course not enough to make butter from, as we had been accustomed to do in Gilgit. Fresh butter proved to be an unattainable luxury. The local butter, which they call *maltah*, is much prized; there is so little of it that it is kept strictly for feast days and great occasions. Their chief chance of making it is from the goats' milk when the men have the animals up at the summer pastures. They make it day by day, a little at a time, and when they have collected about two pounds they shape it into a ball, wrap it in birch-bark, tie it up with strips torn from the roots of juniper, and then bring it home to
[251] store. With luck one good she-goat will provide two balls of *maltah* per season. It is then stored in a tiny stone larder under the nearest water-channel to keep it damp and cool, and thence produced when wanted. Even when quite fresh it tastes very

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

"high" from the unwashed smoky gourds, and it gets more and more tasty the longer it is kept. The tastier it grows the more they value it, "nice and peppery" they say. But the taste for *maltash* must be acquired, and it was too late for us to acquire it.

When Dádo was going off for his few days' leave, his last words were: "I'll bring you back some nice fresh butter; I'll bring enough for a month; it shall be my gift, and you shall be my guests." He was only away two days, and he must have drained all the cows in the countryside and kept his womenfolk busy all the time, for he brought a glass bottle full of really lovely looking, clean butter—that was, alas! already thoroughly rancid. "I had new vessels, and I didn't let them use gourds, and I got it made your way," he boasted. It was really tragic. We had to eat a little for a day or two, not to hurt his feelings; but it nearly made us sick. The pantry stank of it, and the dining-room stank of it, and the stink was steadily creeping into the study! Then I had to break it to him that though his butter was beautifully clean and perfectly lovely, we ate so little at a time that it could not keep in this heat, and so he must please take it away and store it as *maltash* for his family. A few days later he brought just a couple of ounces, made as nearly European-wise as possible, and David was just able to eat it smothered under marmalade for a couple of days. We then pleaded for only an ounce or two now and again, and gave Dádo some salt to blend into it. I renounced my share of this luxury with pleasure (I really could not eat it), but David, who has had longer practice in non-faddiness, could manage a little and even preferred it to eternal dry bread.

Dádo would not hear of payment; but at last I persuaded him, since this exotic butter-making must give trouble to his people and deprive them of *maltash*, to allow me to pay him three rupees a month or so—"for the baby boy." He adored the little boy—a rather ugly mite of about eighteen months whom he brought from time to time to show us—and he ultimately accepted this compromise and solemnly took "Akíl Sháh's butter-money" with his own wages. No payment, however, could repay the goodwill and kind thought that he used to put into procuring butter for us before it had become

maltash. We had had many native servants of many races and shades of colour in our time—including a French-speaking negro in Kerman long ago—whom we have grown fond of and who, I think, have been fond of us, but never anyone so entirely lovable as Dádo of Hunza.

While the summer lasted we were able to have as much fresh fruit, green vegetables, and potatoes as we could use, so that we were really very well off.

Several other problems that had threatened in advance to be serious solved themselves more easily than we had feared. The Political Agent's office in Gilgit has to send a post bag up to Hunza three times a week and they allowed our letters and parcels to come along in a separate bag to be dropped at Aliábád without payment of any extra postage. This was a great luxury, and we were amazed to find letters and newspapers coming through to us in exactly a calendar month from home. They could also send up in the mail-bag small quantities of white flour, sugar, raisins, rice, salt, matches, and cigarettes from the Gilgit bazaar—all unobtainable locally.

We needed money only to pay the wages and the daily milk, vegetables, etc. We had a strong suspicion that Shafi, for the few days he spent in charge of things, was gravely over-charging on the petty account, as well as making away with tea and sugar—having learnt, as I have said, more than his prayers in India. All the real Hunza men are so scrupulously straight that this distressed us. So we were doubly glad to have exchanged him for honest Zaidu.

At first all sorts of people kept bringing us gifts of fruit—apricots, pears, melons, peaches, apples, tomatoes (introduced like the potato by the British and much appreciated because they can be dried for winter use). This gift-business, however, is expensive for the recipient. If the Mir or any of the princes or any person of importance sent things, we must of course tip the people who brought them—not in proportion to the actual value of the articles, but to the dignity of the sender and ourselves. If a humbler person brought them we obviously must tip him also. As we could in season buy as much fruit and vegetables as we could use for about a half-

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

is convenient. Each person has his own wooden bowl and 264
wooden spoon. They roll up their pancakes and dip them in [415]
their bowl of thick vegetable soup or take up the soup with
the spoon. The head woman of the house apportions a fair 262
share to each, and I fear there is rarely enough to allow of
second helpings.

The art of rationing the family all through the year is recognized as a difficult one; each able-bodied man is entitled to double a woman's ration, but the expectant or nursing mother gets a larger share than the other women; each child after weaning gets a certain ration according to its age.

If a *rúli gus* (housewife-in-chief) is over-generous with her 262
rationing during the post-harvest months of plenty the whole 586
family may starve before next year; so a "competent woman"
is highly valued, and incompetence is a fair ground for divorce.
No ill-will is felt or expressed, but back she goes to the father
and mother who bred her.

The No. 1 Household consists of grandfather, a charming 592
old man, who proudly boasts that he built the house they live
in and himself laid out the fruit garden; his two sons, who now
do all the heavy work and who both are lucky enough to have
small jobs connected with the hospital—this accounts for the
family's relative well-to-do-ness; the elder son's wife is my
friend Bibi Gímo, the *rúli gus*; the younger son's wife is a
beautiful girl Naját, who became one of our best friends. In
a community where all faces are happy and kindly, she has
the happiest face I have ever seen, and a natural grace of
bearing and manner that would adorn any station in any
country. Naját so far has no children, but Bibi Gímo's married
daughter was staying with her at the moment. There is also
an adolescent daughter, Shukuru, who is already growing her
hair, and will no doubt presently be married; two nice boys of
perhaps thirteen and nine, and the two little girls I have men-
tioned already, Shamúli, say six, and Banu of three or four,
and I imagined there would ere long be another child.

On my second visit, since they had all been so kind to me, 526
I took a tiny rubber ball for Banu. It was a great success. Not
only she and Shamúli played with it, but the grown-ups

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

SEPTEMBER HARVEST

While one party is busy on the threshing floor, the empty 243
field is watered, ploughed, and sown again, and before the barley and wheat are well in store the bare fields are green again with the second crops, which seem to understand that they must grow at the double or be doomed.

There are two major kinds of millet grown: the one (called *boy*) has graceful feathery heads not unlike rice, but that the grain is smaller; the other (*cha*) has a tight-packed ear, also with tiny grains like what we call "canary seed." There are many varieties of each. When we arrived in mid-July the barley had all been reaped, and we just saw the wheat come in, but we were happily in time to see the second crops sprout, ripen, and fall. There are also two kinds of buckwheat sown. The sweet buckwheat is a lovely plant with fine dark leaves (something the shape of lilac leaves) and a glorious head of pink feathery blossom; the bitter is a smaller plant with lighter yellower leaves and a minute, unimpressive yellow flower. Neither of the buckwheats is really *liked* as food, and 243
the bitter is definitely *dis*liked, but *they are food*, and a skilful 262
housewife contrives to mix her flour so as to eke out the wheat and barley with a proportion of the buckwheats that is not too unappetizing and not inflict more "bitter buckwheat scones" on her family than she can help. The only reason that the bitter buckwheat is grown at all is that it can better stand the onset of winter, and, if the first crop is delayed, or if winter sets in untimely soon, it is a safer thing to gamble on.

When the terraced fields of Hunza are full again, with 243
waving *boy* and stately *cha* and seas of pink blossom send their delicate perfume drifting over the mountain side; when the trim field walls are vertical rock-gardens with wild thyme and the like crowding their crevices; when the fruit trees are still in full leaf, each variety of apricot turning a different shade of gold and red and flame; and bunches of green and red grapes are ripening under the pergolas of vines, while over all the barren mountain sides glare down and the snow peaks tower into a sky of burning blue—there are no words to tell the country's loveliness.

By the beginning of October the proud millets are laid low.

or blame that comes at night." I may be misinterpreting his attitude of mind. These are not subjects you can thresh out as easily as the wheat, and neither his vocabulary nor mine would have sufficed to tackle them. But this I can vouch for, that every face you see looks restfully content, breaks readily into a happy smile; that there are in Hunza no nervous gestures and no haunted eyes, and in normal life no irritable words. There is little amiss with a faith which spells happiness and high-principled living without debasing fear of Hell or over-conscious hope of Heaven.

When the final crops of every kind are safely in, the first duty of the paterfamilias is to take stock of the year's yield. So much is set aside for seed-grain, and not the direst shortage will tempt him to violate the sanctity of this; so much is set aside for rent (if he is a tenant) or for the tax due on any craft he pursues—the miller pays a very small tax on his mill, the weaver on his loom-pit, the khalifa on his learning; and all pay (alas!) a sum as "Peter's pence" to their spiritual head, the Agha Khan. Next he calculates the "emergency reserve" that may be needed for hospitality or charity during the coming year; this also is scrupulously put aside unground. On the rest he and his family must live till next harvest, under the careful rationing of the senior housewife, the importance of whose rôle I have already stressed.

The period of comparative—well-earned and welcome—rest that ensues, is inaugurated by a solemn watch-night service of prayer and thanksgiving in the House of Assembly. One of our main difficulties in the early days was to get due notice of such events beforehand. Our people were slow to realize that the normal routine of their affairs could really interest us. The first news we had of this Harvest Thanksgiving Service was one late evening in October when Dádo casually said as he bade us good-night: "I'm off now to the all-night prayer." In answer to our questions he told us that the Assembly Hall and the women's annex would be packed with the entire population, and that the khalifas in rotation would keep up all night a reading of the sacred Persian books and of the Qur'an. "And shall you be able to understand all that they read?" "Oh no,

2: Lorimer T-3 (1925-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

796 of course not; but we shall hear the names of God and the Imams, and we shall pray."

Further, it appeared that while the non-stop worship went on inside the Hall, a great communal feast would be prepared outside to be enjoyed at daybreak. We sent Dádo off with our good wishes; when he was gone I raided his pantry, assembled materials for early morning tea, and set the alarm-clock. Up we hopped before dawn and made our way, rather sleepy and unwashed, down to the open space "At the Gate" of the old fort, to see whether we could without offence look on at the morning feast. As we drew near I wondered whether it was altogether wise. If you think of the fanaticism of Pathans or Arabs towards Unbelievers . . . we were still new to the country and had not sounded the depths of Hunza tolerance. Already, however, we had considerable trust in it, and this trust was not misplaced. As we were seen coming round the corner, two headmen of the clans came out to greet us, and a chorus of spontaneous, evidently gratified greeting went up from the crowd. Every inch of the open space was packed with boys and men, while women and girls crowded in the background and round every corner, but the most of them had already hurried home to get their houses ready.

796 In the centre on a large carpet was a pile of cooked beasts
262 presented by the more well-to-do—two oxen, fifteen sheep, and goats. Round this six men were crouching with a log in front of each, disjointing limbs and chopping off chunks of meat and bone with an adze. Beside the carpet were ranged ten or a dozen immense iron cauldrons, quite 3 feet 6 inches across and 2 feet deep or more. Each of these was full to the very brim of a rich porridge that looked like soft dripping. There were two kinds: one called *sherbet* (but not remotely like the sherbet of Persia) was made of flour and butter well cooked and stirred; the other, of unground wheat similarly blent with butter, was called *harisa*. The humbler families according to their means had contributed these ingredients. Some of the great cooking-pots were still standing on
796 large iron tripods over the ashes of the night's fire. Most of the audience had wooden basins in their hands, a few had

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

322 would lead us home. A happy man he looked, though he told us that his back ached nowadays at work with lathe or plough, as it never used to do, and perhaps we had English medicines that would meet the case. We could only offer the sad tidings that we too, when we walked or rode or worked, were subject to fatigue and aches undreamt of in younger days, and that even in England the doctors knew no medicines to defeat on-coming age. This, oddly, seemed to comfort him a lot: "We're all ageing together then," he said, and we all three laughed a vain defiance at the years, "and we old ones have more skill and experience than the others, haven't we?"

462 241 252 Apart from their never-ending spinning the women have many valuable crafts, though they are less spectacular than the men's. They all bake a large variety of bread and scones from their blent flour—not only grains being pressed into the service, but pounded mulberries, walnuts, peas and beans, and semi-wild berries—and when *maltash* is available they make cakes and pastries of a dozen kinds. The vegetable patches are in their care, and amongst their many greens, their gourds, cucumbers and marrows, they tend a lot of plants whose seeds or leaves or flowers are valued as flavourings, and grow a little flax and mustard to supplement their apricot oil. In spring their plots are lit with the large blossoms of many-coloured poppies, whose seeds are not wasted on opium but scattered into the vegetable pot. They also grow small quantities of maize as a vegetable, but they do not consider it profitable as a major 249 crop. The kinder-hearted find a corner for tobacco for the 534 men's pipes, which circulate of an evening in the shade when 563 the day's work is done and someone tinkles a zither or tootles on a flute. These instruments are home-made like everything else, and are often very beautifully finished; we were neither of us qualified to judge of the music the players conjured up. To our unskilled ears it sounded amateurish, but eminently cheerful and pleasing. Serious music of drum and pipe and ● 262 kettledrum is the monopoly of the Béricho. When the women weed their crops they sort out the dandelion, stitchwort, and sorrel for their own brews before throwing the residue to 346 the cow. And they have a varied repertoire of berries, roots,

MARRIAGE IN HUNZA

Where a couple are definitely ill-matched, or the daughter-in-law fails to fit into the family scheme, the regrettable fact is faced, the two families meet to arrange a divorce, and each party is free to remarry and hope for better luck. Nothing, however, in our Hunza observations amazed us more than the amicable relations that normally prevailed among the women of a household. There would be a mother-in-law with three or four sons' wives, all perhaps with growing families about them, an adolescent girl or two, and the herd of youngsters. They work together from dawn to dusk without argument or recrimination, and apparently without anyone's attempting to shirk her fair share of the common tasks.

An expectant mother works on in house and field till the very last, but by common consent the heavier tasks are divided amongst the others, and an extra-nourishing ration is assigned to her both before and after the baby's birth. There is no sentimental pampering of the mother, but her immediate job is the baby, and she is expected naturally to concentrate on that. When a woman's monthly affliction overtakes her, she dresses in her oldest clothes and lies immobile by the fire till she is well again. The others make *daudo* for her, a porridge of flour well boiled in water, which is reputed very sustaining, and bring it to her, saying, "Sister, eat." After two days she is herself again, takes a bath, washes her clothes, and sweeps the house; but she is not banished as a pariah nor subject to any degrading superstitions nor to any taboo not imposed by nature.

Shyly one day my friend Zénába asked me was it true that white women were immune from monthly trouble. "We notice that English ladies seem to ride and camp at all times; we have never heard of one of you having to lie up." I explained our habits and conventions, and that we made it our pride to carry on outwardly unruffled. "But surely it can't be good for you?" "I don't believe it is; but there you are; it is our custom, and we should think it shame if the household noticed any difference in our behaviour. It sometimes makes us cross and fretful perhaps, and then our menfolk just think how unreasonable women are." She laughed heartily: "So that's how it is; we've always wondered; but I think our way is better."

addressed to each of the four corners of the shed. To our amazement we saw by the light of the flames that the shed was chock full of goats (we had imagined that they would have been cleared out for the ceremony) who seemed not in the least perturbed. Nadíro then came out again and lit a torch of juniper twigs at the fire and went in to wave it similarly into each of the four corners. Bibi Anjír then handed down a big wooden basin of *múl* which looked like a rather slushy brown pudding with pinkish trimming on top. This festive dish is made only on special occasions, such as a child's birth or the like. Before starting in to eat the *múl* or hand it round, the old man took his stand in the door of the byre and with great dignity and reverence lifted his eyes to heaven and recited the fumigating prayer. Bits of it ran something like this: "O Moses, Holy Prophet, grant that one hundred milking vessels may be required, and that our shears may be used on a hundred sheep! May kid follow after kid and lamb after lamb! May there be rams with curly horns and he-goats with short horns turned in! May milk flow in floods and may the butter pit be filled with butter!"

Happily DL had already got the prayer written down so we were able to follow it better than if we had been hearing it for the first time, and were even able to note that the Ustád got it a bit mixed in parts. We ascertained what was the point of the "short horns turned in." It is simply a question of packing. The byres are small and the beasts have all got to live crowded together in them throughout the winter, so that a princely he-goat with spreading horns is a disaster to his owner and a danger to his fellows.

Now came the moment when the family and friends would tuck into the *múl*, and we thanked our kind hosts most warmly for letting us see the little ceremony, and fled to the warmth of our own fire and our butterless tea. I was in terror lest we should be pressed to partake of the *múl* which is so special a dish that it was sure to be reeking of priceless *maltash*—of which we had no wish to rob them.

The next item on the Hunza communal programme is the Great Wedding Day, which falls about mid-December on some Thursday fixed by the Mir in consultation with the diviners.

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

WINTER AND THE "GREAT COLD"

I had expressed a wish to see what winter life "By the Lamp" was like, and one day Levy Kalbi brought an invitation from his womenfolk to join them some evening in their house. I was warmly welcomed into the living-room, where twenty people were at home and many guests besides myself had been invited. The guests included all our own household except the Kashmiri sweeper. I made my way over to the women's side of the house and murmured such compliments as I could improvise, on the skill and diligence with which they stitched and teazed and span. It was amazing. I could only hope that their zeal was perhaps a little extra on my account. Presently, when all had settled down after my incursion, a princely dish of potatoes cooked in *maltash* (producing a sort of Irish stew effect) was set on the floor in the centre and a wicker platter heaped with bread and another piled with grapes. Kalbi had most thoughtfully asked me to have my own dinner before coming, for he feared that I might not be able to enjoy their food (as *maltash* is an inevitable ingredient in any food set before a guest, this was both tactful and humane). Another large dish of grapes was set near me, and the children who clustered round shared them with me without reluctance.

Again I marvelled at the spaciousness and freedom gained by an absence of furniture. We must have been thirty or forty in that tiny-seeming room, yet there was no sense of crowding, and there was perfect ease of movement. And again I marvelled at the natural graciousness and instinctive good manners of these unsophisticated folk. My hosts and hostesses, who had never had a European in their house before, made me feel welcome and at home, and were evidently not conscious of the slightest embarrassment themselves. In a few minutes two or three prostrate sausage-rolls of bedding came to life, bright eyes peeped out and the respective mothers' exhortations, "Go to sleep again, darling!" were just as successful as their equivalents in similar circumstances at home.

Only a couple of the very senior men of the family shared the extra feast, but the guests were warmly pressed to fall to. Each folded a flap of bread round his potato and ate it neatly as from an egg-cup. Then Kalbi's old father, the patriarch of

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

796 and the party galloped hell for leather down the field, providing a fine spectacle for the pedestrian crowds.

As noon drew on we went along towards the pond and took our stand where DL thought his prospects of cine-photography were best. It was his first serious attempt to use his cine-camera, and everything seemed unpropitious. The only point of view from which it was possible to command the path of the procession faced straight into the eye of the sun while the path itself was in heavy shade. I posted myself as well as I could to try to shade his lens, and as a matter of fact the film has not turned out too badly. We were both so much preoccupied throughout the day with the unwonted problems of the cine, and the endeavour not to appear rude or ungrateful, that I realized too late that I had entirely forgotten to take ordinary snapshots of separate figures, etc., as I should normally have done. It is particularly disappointing for the chance was unique, and there would have been ample opportunity if I had not let my wits go wool-gathering.

Noontide came; music was heard inside the Fort, and out came the band in necessary single file carrying on their usual byplay with vigour and evident enjoyment. Next followed "The Great" (viz. headmen, officials, and the like) in single file on foot, but carrying "horses" in their hands. The horses were wands made of a few dark red willow twigs, bent over in a circle at the top not unlike one of the toys a bishop has to play with. A striking personage was a man bearing two huge loaves of barley bread on his back. They were about the size
●[262] of millstones and looked about equally digestible. Next came a sturdy fellow bearing shoulder high an ancient iron platter hung with chains, on which was piled a white cone called the *chapan*, crowned with a pear and a bunch of maidenhair. The *chapan* is concocted of several favourite Hunza foods, *maltesh*, of course, a mulberry preserve called *bing*, and other ingredients kneaded together and coated thick with flour. This dish was escorted by a man drowned from head to foot in flour, whose face was like an over-pierrotted pierrot; lastly came a man carrying a dish of burning incense.

Next appeared a lot of men bearing white and red pennants

twin sister. "Is that Kaniza's twin?" It was—twice as big and flourishing as our little Kaniza. By way of making conversation I asked the mother: "Isn't it strange that Anjír should be so much bigger than her twin?" "Not really strange," she said quite simply, "there is food in Báltit." Yet when my photographing was done they pressed me to come in. I made to squat just anywhere on the woman's platform, but they must needs find a rug for me to sit on. They were cooking lentils in a big stone pot on a tripod over a tiny fire, and they produced a dish of boiled potatoes and wanted to share it with me. I took a tiny taste for friendliness, but excused myself from eating more with the phrase I had found gave no offence, "I came, having just eaten." These people's hospitality just left me gasping. That dish of lentils and potatoes was probably the only serious meal of the day for five or six of them. And if I had so little, should I want to stuff any of it into over-fed foreigners? I trow not. We were not conscious of being exactly over-fed in Hunza, but by contrast with what our neighbours—much better folk than we—existed on. . . .

Another day I met on the narrow track a perfectly strange lad with a lump of dried apricots in his hand (rather like a lump of the all-glued-together dates you see in a grocer's shop) which he was eating as he walked along. We greeted each other "Jú na!" This is the old-time native greeting, still much more in use than the formal "Salam aleikum" of Islam, which the women scarcely use at all. When you do say "Salam aleikum," the correct Hunza reply is "Salam aleikum." At first, of course, we used to answer: "W'aleikum as salam!" as is usual amongst Muslims elsewhere; but it came to sound stilted and highbrow to our own ears, as I do not doubt it did to theirs. Immediately the boy held out his apricots for me to take some. I tugged a small one off the corner and popped it into my mouth, where it lasted me like chewing-gum for half an hour. These apricots are very good and most sustaining, far tastier than the dried apricots we buy at home, but for serious eating they need to be steeped overnight and then make a delicious dish.

A month later, by the third week of March, we were well

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

000 with. They are the greatest possible contrast to the alert, intelligent Burusho: possibly there is more than sugar in a diet of apricots!

132 312 Quite suddenly after the first lovely rush of water the channels went silent again. Not that they were ice-bound, but it seems that the first warmth of the year melts all the recently fallen snow off the top, which gives you your first rush. After that comes a pause before the sun has gathered heat enough to melt the older, hardened snow and make an impression on the glaciers. This arrangement of Nature's suits the peasants well. The first rush waters their new planted barley and springing wheat; the pause gives them time to clear out all the silt and sand that is cluttering up their channels, and to repair the walls. They find the silt a useful top-dressing for their fields. All the menfolk worked hard to get their irrigation works into trim before the real water flow began. Meantime all the *gfuris* near us were empty, and poor Sagi had to go a mile or more to draw water for baths and washing up, in addition to his usual pilgrimage for our drinking water. So we installed an assistant for him.

524 534 Among the enlivening sounds of these early Spring days was the tootle-tootle of boys' whistles. At a certain moment when they consider the degree of sap flowing in the willows is right for their purpose, they cut themselves sections of various lengths. With great ingenuity they coax off the bark in great flute-like pipes and make an extraordinary variety of whistles with many notes. The deepest notes are achieved by inserting a finer pipe into a larger one, and thus providing a lining to the latter as it were. The same procedure that yields a whistle will also supply a squirt, a pop-gun, or a pea-shooter, and these various toys diversify the day.

242 Despite the pleasure which water, work, and sunlight bring, the season of Spring awakes no poet's raptures in the Hunza heart. "Starvation Springtime" would have given Keats an odd title for an Ode. Many weeks before the new barley was ripe for cutting every household round us had already run out of every sort of flour, many also out of potatoes and apricots.

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

The most cautious rationing had not been able to spread last year's supplies over the whole twelve months. Perhaps not all, but certainly many families were surviving on such edible weeds as they took from amongst the barley, and such small greens and turnip tops as were available in the women's vegetable plots. I had heard the phrase "Starvation Springtime" without fully realizing its import. One day passing along near No. 6 I saw Afiato's wife out on the roof, and shouted up: "Jú na, Bibi, the days are bright again; may I come some day and make a picture of you making bread?" "Come and welcome, Mother, but bread I cannot make till the new harvest. We have had no flour left this many a day. Have you not noticed the little children crying? They are hungry, poor mites, and they are too small to understand." Now that my attention was called to it, I did notice that we occasionally heard a wailing of small children such as had not been before. The bigger children and the grown-ups made no complaint, just tightened their belts and went on working—and smiling.

I had taken a photograph one day of Dirzi Nazar's wife, carrying a basin of greens up on to her roof to cook. It was rather a jolly photograph with Raka rising just behind Jamáli's head. When it was printed I went along as usual to give her a copy. She was nowhere about, but Nazar was on the roof doing the best he could with a dish of green stuff. He came down politely in answer to my greeting. I handed over the photograph. He was pleased. "Come along here, girl, and see what you look like!" he called to her. For a moment or two they lingered over the picture; suddenly Nazar burst out into uncontrollable laughter of so infectious a quality that it was some time before I could find voice to ask what the joke was. "Excuse me, Mother dear, but it really is so funny to have a lovely picture of the mountains and your wife and your house —with no bread in it," and off he went again in delighted appreciation of the irony of the situation. A few weeks later the mulberries ripened to vary and supplement the scanty diet of green food, and Nazar sent along a platterful for us. I could hardly bear to accept them; yet to refuse would have wounded

it to be ground. But "Starvation Springtime" was still ruling the land, and we noticed the children looking very thin and peaky, and a few with sores on their faces—hunger sores. We had often remarked on the complete absence of skin diseases amongst these cleanly folk, and the hunger sores rapidly disappeared with the coming of more food.

The opening of June saw weeding being very intensively carried out, not only for the sake of the growing crops, but for the weeds' own sake; those which were dubbed "crows' vegetables" were thrown to the sheep and goats, while sorrel and the like found their way into the family cooking-pot. Irrigation questions were now serious, for the crops must not be starved of water at the critical moment, and we used to meet bands of Aliábádkuts armed with shovels walking out the eight or more miles to the highest point of the Dála to guard and govern the controlling sluices. The potatoes were now beginning to flower and the mulberries to show signs of ripening, and the air was rent by shrill boy and girl noises designed to scare the birds off the mulberry trees. Every boy was armed with his catapult bow, made and strung of course by his own hands. I asked Yaman how many birds he had killed with his little stones: "Seventy-two, so far this season, Mother, but I'll get lots more." "What do you do with them?" "Oh, I take them home and put them in the pot, but there's not much meat on them." Our first impression of Hunza had been that, except for magpies, it was an entirely birdless land; this was a mistake. Migratory birds came in flocks at various seasons when any sort of likely food was going. Their various species I was not ornithologist enough to know; to me, as to A. J. Balfour, each was just "an average small bird," and the Hunza terminology was no great help to identification, for they were known as "mulberry birds," "barley birds," or the like, according to which crop they threatened. We now also for the first time saw shorn goats. Whereas the Hunza sheep are robbed of their wool just whenever wool is needed, so that you never see a really generous-looking ample fleece, the goats are shorn only once a year, in early summer. If you think of it, goat's hair would be too wiry to spin at all unless it were a decent length.

2: Lorimer T-3 (1930-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

THE FIRST OF THE HARVEST

Windy weather was knocking down unripe mulberries in alarming quantities, which were incontinently guzzled by the goats and sheep.

By June 9th ripe mulberries were reported from Ganesh and Hasanabad, some hundreds of feet below us, but we had to wait another three weeks for ours.

One afternoon we were out on the hillside and stopped to watch a group of boys playing a complicated game of *bada bada* with a lot of small stones cast into twelve little holes in the ground. It was roughly equivalent to some of our games of marbles, and thinking of a large consignment of these which we had brought with us for future gifts we ruefully realized how useless marbles would be in a country where there are not six inches of smooth, level ground. As we sat trying to master the rules of *bada bada* Gulo crept up alongside me and slipped her hand confidentially into mine, whispering "Our pussy cat has had a confinement," using for fun the same term as she would have applied to her mother, and not the word suitable for cats. "There are three kittens, and they opened their eyes yesterday; do come and see them!"

When the game was over we accordingly started crosswise downhill to No. 3. I halted at the door to make sure that Zénába was prepared to endorse the impulsive invitation. She was sitting crouched by the hearth boiling the greens for dinner and jumped up with delight to bring us in. We squatted down on a sleeping-bench, from the back of which the children produced a round fruit basket in which the cat was cosily curled up. She was evidently accustomed to seeing her babies tenderly handled, for she let us take them out without other comment than a loud purr. Dear little furry things they were, about the size of small mice, and Gulo bubbled over: "She made first the black one and then the white one and then the yellow one—and that was all." Meantime, in addition to Kaníza and Apícho, a strange young man had drifted in to see what was going on, and presently Father arrived and we all chatted together very gaily. Laughing somewhat apologetically, Zénába confessed that she had drawn on the emergency reserve to make some *daudo* (a sort of porridge with butter) for pussy

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920–4; 1934–5) 1939 AVT Burusho AVT

to keep her strength up—and this in one of the poorest houses, where they have had no bread nor butter for themselves for weeks. *Dondo* is one of the nourishing dishes you make for a human mother, and the cat was such a pet that the kittens were considered as a birth in the family, one of the emergencies budgeted for. There is as little need in Hunza for an R.S.P.C.A. as for an anti-litter crusade. Everyone is devoted to his animals, and the children have pet names for ever[illegible]mb and kid. You will often see a boy or girl carrying home a tired animal slung over the neck like a fashionable lady's fur. Only people who have lived in the East can realize how amazing was this affectionate care for a pet; or how still more amazing this happy family life where father could come in and find his wife and daughters entertaining two strange men and be obviously delighted to see the guests. At least, if this sort of thing is possible elsewhere in the East, I have not heard of it.

When we passed next day we heard that a strange cat, which must be the only other one in Alisbéd, for in general everyone is too poor to keep either cat or dog, had come in while the mother was mouse-hunting and had killed two of the kittens. Yaman, the only brother of our most beloved young friends, and most intelligent of informants, lifted a pathetic little white body with his toes from the field to show us. The children were half horrified and half amused at the kittens' fate.

There were a few wild flowers these June days amongst the scanty grass of the *togo*: red bladder campion, stitchwort, and an occasional starved-looking forget-me-not. The children were much amused when we told them what the English call it, and that sentimentalists amongst us use it as a love-token. After that, one or another would run up to us offering a tiny blue flower and saying, "Don't forget me!" Some future linguist, language-hunting like ourselves, may be puzzled to hear of *je til aki* growing in Hunza fields and rack his brains as to how the idea came to the Karakoram. On principle we have tried to avoid poisoning the ground for future workers by importing European ideas, legends, or phrases, and in this connection the forget-me-not, the "one little pig" and Afrot's *How do you do?* are the only sins on my conscience.

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THE FIRST OF THE HARVEST

Men left at home in the village were now making pilgrimages towards the *tér* to fetch down the manure that their brothers up on the mountain side with the animals have been scrupulously collecting. They usually arrange to meet half way, the village brother taking up any supplies the other may need and the brother of the *tér* bringing down not only manure but butter and *brás*, a kind of preparation of dried curd not unlike cream cheese. The lads up at the *tér* have rather a jolly time. They take up only their oldest clothes, for the life is rough and the work is hard. Anywhere that there is a scrap of suitable ground they plant a little barley, harnessing themselves to the plough so as not to put work on to the horses or oxen they may have with them, who are considered to have earned a holiday. Each day at dawn they loose their animals, but keep a careful eye on them, and sometimes have hair-raising adventures in rescuing a beast which has fallen down a cliff. There used to be considerable danger from wild animals, but nowadays there are few of these surviving. Any family that lacks a spare son to take the animals up entrusts them to the care of some other, after a rather touching little ceremony in which the beasts are solemnly committed to the care of their new master, who is at the same time given a certain amount of grain with him as part of his fee. Milking, making butter, collecting the manure, tending the barley (if any), cooking their own food, corralling the animals at night, etc., occupy the herds the greater part of the time, but they find leisure enough for various games and feats of skill.

Every now and again they decide to supplement their scanty rations—the village can spare little enough to send with them—by the sacrifice of a goat and a feast of meat. The donor of the beast plays for the evening the rôle of Mir, appoints another as his Wazir, and they play-act their several parts with gusto. It is frankly admitted that the animal sacrificed to make this holiday usually is one of those whose owner is not present. When eventually the boy returns, minus one of the animals for which he was trustee, he formally announces the regrettable "loss" to its owner. The nature of the catastrophe is fully understood but not crudely stated. A wise owner is

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

expected to reply: "It is God's will. Accidents will happen. After all, they are beasts of the mountain and the wild." He is reckoned a churlish fellow who institutes enquiries and demands compensation, though no one denies his right to it. The liberty to indulge in an occasional free feed is, we understood, sparingly taken and not abused.

With luck a she-goat will yield enough milk while up on the summer pastures to make two *maltash*, i.e. two birch bark parcels of butter for storage. If the goat is a trustee goat the herd is expected to hand one *maltash* to her owner and to keep the balance as his fee. Sheep's milk is poor in fat content and yields little butter, so it is usually devoted to making *brús* and *rakhpin*, a kind of hard, dried curd which has great lasting qualities and the appearance of a cake of soap.

The day that the herds return from the mountain with their charges is a festive one for the villages. Large parties go out to meet the returning absentees. Before finally leaving the *sár*, driven down by cold and the advancing autumn snows, the herds bake some special little cakes to bring back with them, and crowds of dancing, shouting boys and girls fall on their elder brothers demanding their share. Trust the Hunnukuts to stage a festival on the slightest provocation.

Our Ernest of the white horse reappeared unexpectedly from the *sár* in the middle of the season and walked over from Hasanabad to call on us and bring an offering of *brús* for DL and of wild mountain flowers for me. He had given his animals into a friend's charge, and taken a couple of days off because he was a member of the Hasanabad polo team and was wanted to play in an inter-village match. These matches rouse as much interest as Arsenal *versus* Chelsea, and a good player who is also the possessor of a good pony can ill be spared. I duly took a photo of him and The Cat, he no longer in the rôle of the humble *sais* but of the gentleman polo player. Stout fellow!

These early June days were the time for apricot and mulberry grafting. The cultivated fruit shoots are grafted on to wild trees. We watched the process, about which the Hunnukuts have little to learn. Each graft was given a double lashing of bark from mulberry root. We returned later and found them

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

all thriving. The field walls looked very jolly at this season, with wild flowers of the rock-garden type growing in the crannies between the stones and fostered by the seepage from the irrigated fields above. Amongst them was a wild mint and a wild thyme, the flavouring qualities of which are known and appreciated.

On June 12th we saw some people hungrily eyeing their barley and reckoning that it would be ripe for cutting in another fifteen days. It was said to be good this year in spite of an abnormally cold, late spring. Some rain showers that we had were welcomed though they temporarily cooled the air. But as clouds and rain continued, anxiety began to be felt lest the wheat should be late and delay too long the planting of the buckwheat-on-wheat. The barley is subject to a disease called *tam*, which stripes the leaves an ugly yellow and produces a milky liquid in the ears. Few plants were attacked this year. The disease called *mastl* (rust?), which makes black ears, attacks only wheat and millet, and if the cold and rain persisted it might be expected to set in. We were doubly anxious that this year's crops should be good: unselfishly for the people's sake; selfishly lest a bad year should be attributed to the maleficent influence of two crazy people learning Burushaski—though indeed these highly rational people would be unlikely to indulge any such fantastic association of ideas.

We saw some people one day collecting the under-bark from red willow trees; they use it for dyeing the leather of their native boots and skilfully chip it out from the living tree without injuring the willow.

Now that the people were really within sight of food they frankly confessed to being desperately hungry, and the strain of unremitting work—weeding, ploughing, manuring, grafting, irrigating from dawn to dusk on empty tummies—was showing in drawn, thin faces, but appeared powerless to damp their spirits or fray their tempers. It was dreadful to look on and be helpless to feed the multitude with loaves or fishes, while we lived—sparingly enough by home standards but—riotously compared with these much more deserving neighbours. We saw one day a group of men sitting pensively under a mulberry

[in June -- Analyst]

2a Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

tree silently munching unripe fallen fruit, but the most pathetic sight was groups of little girls crouched beside a water-channel scooping out sand and mud and forming it into various types of breads and cakes which they pretended to "bake like Mother." They knew nothing of modern psychology, and were unaware that we interpreted their poor little mud pies as wish-fulfilments.

Cuckoos and larks were now filling the air with welcome, strangely home-like sounds.

One day the news of the Quetta earthquake reached us by telephone and spread dismay in twenty homes which had sons in British service there. How to get news? Mercifully the suspense was not prolonged. Thanks to the humane arrangements which allowed survivors to telegraph free, a telegram was telephoned through from one of the Hunza men to say that he and all his compatriots had escaped, owing to the fact that they were all employed by officers of the Staff College. It would be blasphemy to suppose that those were all unrighteous on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, but we could hardly resist a suspicion that the God of Earthquakes shared something of our feeling for the folk of Hunza.

It was the very end of June before the Barley Harvest was in sight, but as the time approached nearer and nearer, by painfully slow degrees, we saw women and girls devoting all their spare time to making new caps for the jollifications of Gináni, and the men, who are not a whit less vain, were already sporting bright new shirts in anticipation. We came on Kaniza and Apicho putting the last touches on a cap made of some scraps of Tootal material which I had given to Kaniza to dress the new doll that Yaman had made for her. They were weaving the braid edging straight on to the cap, stitching it on as they wove. The method was interesting: six long coarse crimson threads are made fast by both ends to the edge of the double cap—outside, and slightly padded lining. The stitcher holds the cap inside out. The braider sits near and takes the six long loops of equal length, passing three over the fingers of the right and three over the fingers of the left hand; then she slips the left-hand loops on to the right-hand fingers, deftly lifts the

4z Lorimer L-3 (1929–4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

the door, they bring out a bowl of flour, and *topandar* smoke, and a dish of ghee. The Thum touching these and kissing (his fingers) enters the house and sits down on the large dais. The master of the house and his brothers, standing in the centre part of the room, say: "You are welcome!" "God bless you!" replies the Thum.

Then he makes the Elders and followers sit down for a little at the door and he calls up the Wastr and then he calls up the Yerpa. Then they bring the Elders one by one into the house, and then they bring in the inferior followers, and they make them sit down in their appointed places. After this a personal servant brings water for the Thum to wash his hands, and when they have made the Thum wash his hands they make the Elders wash theirs.

Then they set food before the Thum. The Head Cook and the assistant cooks prepare vegetable soup for the Thum and put the hindquarters of a sheep and *sherbut* with bread before him. Also four cakes of thick bread, and curds in a bowl, and cream in a cup. The Head Cook cuts up the meat for the Thum.

Then they place dishes of food before the leading men, and the meat that is in front of the Thum they dispense to the Elders and followers. There are also the two heads of the goats: one of these with some bread they give to the musicians; the other they give to the grooms. To the huntsmen they give the fat tail (of the sheep) which is in front of the Mir. They give two dishes (of food) to each party separately. To the Bodyguard they give five dishes.

Then to the Thum's womenfolk also they send bread and dishes of food and to the Gushpurs they send one dish each. The Gushpurs are not allowed to come to the host's house with the Thum and Elders. They send the food for them to their various lodgings.

When he has eaten the Thum comes out. He says: "Blessings on you!" and they reply: "On your life blessings!" The master of the house comes out in front of the door with the Thum.

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[3] *kerdem ... kanik ki* — the sentence is grammatically obscure and probably faulty, *kerdem* unless it is adjectival, seems to require a verb, such as "they carry away from ...". *wazirwshi* — an alternative reading is: *wazirw kan ...*
wpilan — is the p.pc. active of *bilaiyas* used absolutely.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1930-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

Then from the house of entertainment there is (sent) a dish on which they put as the Wāzīr's portion, a leg (of mutton), and *sherbat* along with bread; and also there is a dish apiece for the Headman and the two Hunza Trangfas on which they put a leg. Then for the cooks there are the fat of the two goats and their necks and skins. And for the musicians there is from ancient times a wooden jar which it is the custom to give to them filled with the oil from the *sherbat*. From that evening's food they set something aside and in the morning, and they bring it with *gurūt tuwūk* from the host's house to the place of assembly.

When the Tham stays thus for a month or two months in Herber every day the people who are exempt from carrying loads bring to the Tham's house two goats and a lump of ghee and bread, which they have made with 15 *chaqe* of grain, and *sherbat*. And every day the Tham gives green grass to the Elders for their horses. To the Wazīr grass is given from five houses and they give the Wazīr one *chuti* of grain (for his horse). For the horses each village gives (him?) a rope.

When the hospitalities have come to an end they give a goat and bread (made) of five *chaqe* of grain. This is called *Otaq*. The custom of *Otaq* is as follows: One field has been given to each of them by the Thams and on that they have imposed the *Otaq* tax. Further the exempted man every year gives the Tham as illaw four animals viz. one he-goat, one ram, one she-goat and one yearling kid. Followers of the second rank and load-carriers give every year three animals viz. one she-goat, one sheep and one yearling kid. These are the tax (imposed) on load-carriers. Further, each household gives the Tham four (measures of) grain, which they call *sabūr jōti* and each household gives a *kichuti* of barley, which is called *yushi gūrā*. It is the custom also for every village to give one rope each for as many dogs and horses as there may be.

The Khushālābād illaw is (assigned) to Gushpur Nafīs, and the Nasīmābād illaw to Shāhbāz Khān and the Miagūr illaw is vested

19 *yushi gurā* — Wakhi for "horse's barley"; *yūš* 'horse' and *gūrā* 'barley'.
21 *Nasīmabad* — the older name of this place was *Little Dan*.

000 *gorwki*) *di bila, mamila* spring has come. It has become spring. *dafu gorwu mar'u ef'am* they wash for gold in autumn and spring. 348.6. *gorw aini afurmafila* spring doesn't suit me.

262 "People are slack in spring and sleep much. They extract apricot-water (*gorwki famuro difuiero*) and eat wheat bread if available. In winter they eat buck-wheat and barley bread". Vide also Text No. 39 end.

000 *gorwki* v. *gorw*.

gorwkiw period following *Thurwudolig* (midwinter), when the days slightly lengthen and the air is warm like an ox's breath (*kwe bi gorwis gorwrom mail bila*).

gorwrom N. y pl. *-ig* hot. — *as gorwrom mami bi* the sun has become hot. (Cp. Hz. *gorwrom*, Werch. *gorwm*).

gorwmlad, gorwglad McK. and GK typhoid fever. (Cp. Hz. *gorwrmlad*).

gorwmo pertaining to spring (V. s.v. *gorw*, but usually referring to earlier part of that period). — *gorwmo kes* spring season. *gorwmo war'alo* in spring-time. 100.1.

Used independently:

gorwmo in spring. 186.1, 274.10, 334.8, 350.1. *gorwmafrom* from (the beginning of) spring. 350.4.

(Derived from *gorw*).

gorwrom pl. h and x *-alo*.

1. Hot, warm. — *ifa kw ... bat alard da gorwrom lalum* that nullah was (then) very populous and warm. 228.4. *pfa jwam gorwrom* as hot as fire. *kwi gorwrom* very warm (of sun, or fever patient). *(ka.ofig) pfarafa gorwrom* as warming (the foot-bandages) at the fire. 132.6. Cp. 226.2.

162 b

So also in 384.10,11 it appears to have been an open pit or trench. (Cp. Sh. *golko*).

262 γυʂ'*aldi* alternate layers of thin bread (*ʁaʂali*) and curdled milk over which milk and oil are poured. 231.1. (Cp. Sh. *gulʂand'e*, a dish made of sour milk, butter & thin bread).

°-γυʂʂaʏ, °-γυʂʂaʏ y bowels, (generally) the "inside", body, H. *wujud*. — *ɪγυʂʂaʏ daq ʂaʂɪvlɪ* his bowels have become hard, i.e. he is constipated. *ɪγυʂʂaʏ ʊʊʐɪ milli* medicine to make his bowels move, purgative. *ʐγυʂʂaʏ hilɪ-kus ʂaʂɪlɪ* my bowels have become soft (after aperient). *wlo ʂaγυʂʂaʏulus hɪvl ʂo ɢʊʊ ʂaʂɪsɪ* a cry came out from her inside. 108.9. *ʌwɪdɪ . . . ɪγυʂʂaʏulo dik stimi* (i.e. *dikaʃimi*) the arrow stuck in his innards. 146.12. *ʊvɪlɪ ɪʊkʊmɪdɪ bi.ɪ ɪγ'ʊʂʂaʏulo* there are two young ones in its inside. 64.16.

γυʂ'ʊr, γυʂʂʊr -ɪq y hole (small, in strap etc.), H. *surʊx*. — γυʂʂʊr *ɛli* make a hole. *ʌɪhɪlo ɛvɪlɪ γυʂʂʊvɪq bitɛs . . . ʌɪʂ γυʂʂʊr ʂaɪmɪlo* there are two (bullet) holes in the skin . . . there should be one hole. 102.25. *ja gaɪvɪqalu γυʂʂʊr ɑɪsti* don't make a hole in my clothes. EOL. Cp. 84.4.

1. γυʂ -ʌɪʂɪ x wooden block in mechanism of door-bolt which carries the drop peg (*ɪʂarkɪs*).
2. γυʂ -ʌɪʂɪ x stocks. — γυʂʂʊr (or, γυʂʂolo) *wʌɪlɪwʌɪʂ* they put (him) in the stocks.

γυʂʊ pl. γυγo x quail. (Cp. Sh. *guʂu*).

°-γυʂʌɪʂ, v. °-ɪγυʂʌɪʂ, to give.

γυʂ'ɪ, pl. γυʂ'ɛq y mica, H. *ʌbrʌq*.

γ'ʊʂɪkɪʂ, γυʂ'ɪkɪʂ, (Na. *g-*), pl. hx γυʂ'ɪkɪ.ʌɪʂ, *y* γυʂ'ɪkɪ.ʌq bad, evil,

mama ɛlas (past tenses) to be in an advanced stage of pregnancy; to be big with young (of animals). *mama ɛlɛm* pregnant. *jakuwɛ mama ni* (or, *ɛlɛm*) *bin* there was a donkey which was big with young. 118.8. *gwa ɓa'a mama ɛlɛm* (or, *ɛli*) *bi* this cow is pregnant. 194.6. Cp. 64.26. ooo

. The same idea is presented in regard to a woman in:
ɛzakimwɛ mama bilom there was milk on his daughter-in-law, i.e. she was with milk, approaching child birth. 190.2.

Bhim formerly considered milk impure. It is said that still chikario going out to hunt will not take milk or beef because it will anger the *pwɛ* ("fairies"). Cp. 296.2, 338.4. 262

1. *man -ɛnɛ* n an earth platform, sleeping and sitting platforms in house, dais (on which the elite sit at public functions, polo-matches etc.); mound (over grave), H. *ɗalɓɛrɛ*. — *Bhim dɛwɛrɛ jalaga manafe hɛrɛdɛi* the Thum dismounting takes his place on the platform at the place of public meeting. 338.4. Cp. 340.2. Pl. *manane* 12.18. *mazɛrɛ man* the mound over a grave. 82.16. ooo
2. *man* n "a hard thing found in a goat's inside and used as medicine"; IUS. antidote to poison, H. *man*, Pre. *zako-mako*.

mang, mani a prohibited, forbidden. — *mana ɛrɛlas* to prohibit him. *mana ɛrɛlas* to prohibit them. *gub dɛyɛ mana ɛlas bilɛ* this affair, talk, is to be forbidden. Ar. Pre.

251a

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3. Birds.

bala.	*gaṭshár.*	*ɣakerse.*	*mandzey.*	*qeruqo.*
čili bučuk	*gindzewer čhin.*	*ɣere.*	*mizun.*	*sindiǰ.*
v. Corrigenda,	*girgir.*	*kerɣo.*	*gfirel.*	*tsqučhin.*
III. 60. 12.	*gerǰi.*	*kerɣoqo N.*	*gfolčin.*	*S. čal.*
diq maryon.	*ya.*	*kaɣo*	*pwqo.*	*phaloqas.*
gaqu.	*ɣenzǰhin.*	*ḥur.*	*ɣalq.*	*aqwer.*
gerčilow ḥeray.	*ɣeyendzi.*	*ḥewri N.*		

Varieties of Hawk.

ḥer.	*ḥerča čwy.*	*gasanǰ.*	*čakiw.*	*ḥewaqer.*
ḥaḥri.	*čwy.*	*ḥrdi.*	*čwaliw.*	*ḥeyew.*
ḥerča.	*čewli.*	*ḥiǰḥrdi N.*		

4. Insects.

liščiki ɣalqu	*ḥamirǰo.*	*ḥerḥerse.*	*mewndse.*	*pro.*
čemuse.	*ḥirimun.*	*ḥkiru.*	*gfolčin.*	*{ḥewimas*
čiwuǰu.	*ḥrlalas.*	*ḥkiru.*	*gfiru.*	*{ḥewimas*
gerahrlalas.	*ḥhanimaǰuvlo.*	*ḥkirǰa.*	*gfiran.*	*trago.*
ḥeyew gfiw.	*ḥaqlo.*	*ḥim.*	*ṭaqar.*	*ṭiki.*

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5. Diseases.

salew.	*l. ǰak.*	*ḥeyewsta.*	*gfalaǰ.*	*ḥerḥewsta.*
dalayer.	*certewmel.*	*m.aq.*	*gerilaqem.*	*ṭiki N.*
damḥrtini N.	*ene.*	*mewey.*	*rami.*	*°.wrlalo ta ḥil.*
gerewnhil.	*S. Lam.*	*mirǰi.*	*ewerk.*	*ḥeyemew N.*
ɣertsikiǰo.	*lam ǰam.*	*mertin.*	*ḥerǰa.*	*aaqtaq dalayer.*
ɣelčiki.	*ḥeyo.*			

(Of cattle) *girdo.* (Of grain) *mutil.* *6. Lam.*

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6. Food.

a. Varieties of Bread and Cakes, etc.:

ḥeyewda.	*germe.*	*ḥuli ḥeterli.*	*gfiri.*	*ṭiriǰ N.*
diram gfiri.	*giyal.*	*memali*	*salaldaǰi.*	*ṭiru.*
ḥaldewyi.	*yem.aldi.*	*azela.*	*ṭaqirk.*	*ṭiǰer.*
S. ḥemeyo	*ǰaqmi.*	*lanǰa.*	*ṭeru.*	*peyo.*
gewgfiri.				

b. Milk and Milk Products:

ḥaq N.	*dilar.*	*mindiqi.*	*mzaka.*	*qeruł.*
ḥeruw.	*yiǰiq.*	*m.ama.*	*puli.*	*razgiw.*
čiki.	*ḥilay.*	*mzaka ḥil.*		

ta — Lorimer Vocabulary

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c. Miscellaneous other goods:

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kapwig.	*chap.*	*kwi.*	*pedur kal* N.	*kwt.*
king.	*dawfo.*	*simigili.*	*pfupwk.*	*kamil.*
kwiki.	*kwala* N.	*wwi.*	*kwbal.*	*ebigonas.*
chatawu.	*kol.*	*gulun.*	*kiwda* N.	*wwk.*

7. **Vessels, Utensils etc.**

415

a. Bags and Sacks:

kalkakit.	*girgin.*	*kkawaj.*	*mati* N.	*awmata.*
katuwu.	*yati.*	*walla* N.	*mwt.*	*tayar.*
gwagi.	*kkalafa.*	*walta.*	*gap.*	*kwig.*

b. Baskets.

chaykan.	*kwa'a.*	*giran.*	*yatwi.*	*kkawgi.*	*tkalia.*

c. Vessels and Containers:

kafalaka.	*tilamti.*	*kanil.*	*mainkka.*	*gimatdaru.*
kayandaka.	*chawkaa.*	*imakat.*	*pfala.*	*aakay.*
kali.	*dalgaa.*	*iman(?).*	*pfchawandal.*	*talpi.*
kalwi.	*dawtaal.*	*jati.*	*pfirka.*	*tapar.*
kira.	*gafaw.*	*kkati.*	*pfwi.*	*tkkayar.*
kafak.	*gawkan.*			

8. **Games.**

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kakai	*dyar dyar.*	*gatal kala.*	*kalay*	*tkkayawu.*
kala.	*dayu dayu.*	*tambak.*	*yaiwari.*	

9. **Supernatural Beings.**

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kilaa.	*dagalaphaa.*	*jandawu.*	*puri.*	*kakarikay.*
kawia.	*kiw kilaa.*	*jin.*	*pfwi.*	*yaikani.*

10. **Words relating to CEREMONIES, CUSTOMS etc. or Objects which have no English equivalent.**

000

kari.	*kapfan.*	*dani.*	*yarkal.*	*•.ani nawanyu.*
kaw.	*karaki.*	*darwaa.*	*yartagil,*	*alag.*
kawas.	*karari.*	*dark.*	*(yalirpil).*	*arkiki.*
kak kirk.	*garafaw.*	*dawaalaku.*	1. *yaa.*	*palaw.*
kalgwin.	1. *chagga.*	*parlja.*	*ikkan.*	*pfanir.*
kargin.a.	*chaa.*	*grawai.*	*karki.*	*phagin.*
kerik, v. also	*tiwagwawwa.*	*giraw nirar.*	*aw.*	*pharatain.*
page 421.	*tokaji.*	*girgi.*	*lajal.*	*puri aa.*
kerinki.	*tag.*	*guj.*	*mahar.*	*paawa.*
karal.	*dal dal.*	*yaa.*	*mamajiki.*	*pfi.*
kirta N.	*dambu.*	*yamkaf.*	*makala.*	*pi agwar.*

000 *gwtsilo rajuki ortan* he used to make them do forced labour on the canal. 276.8. *wurili giranur rajukiur qou ati* call on the Four Tribes for communal labour. (Cp. Sh. *rajuki*, r *ni.ski*).

r.ul v. *r.ug*.

r.ur olar N. to wish. (Probably a variant of *r.ug*).

● 262 *r.urpim*, *r.ugpim*, pl. *-pinu*, a buttermilk (*dilto*) heated yields *burwa* and *m.antail*, and *m.antail* desiccated yields *r.urpim*, a reddish substance which is made up into hard balls about 1½ inches in diameter. It is popular with women and is given to suckling mothers). Prs.

000 *r.ul* ready, prepared, on the 'qui vive', H. *tsi.ov*. — *kulguiur r.ul burw* they are ready for a fight. *to dilolo . . . r.ul numa burwi.um.an* they remained sitting there on the 'qui vive'. 122.22. *r.ul m.anu* be ready, prepare yourself. 174.16.

r.um alliterative doublet. — *r.um r.ul* quite smooth.

r.um.alti diviner, soothsayer, (used as synonym for *najuru*). — *r.um.alti i.sis niruin: "lei najuru, urgu ltsu . . ."* going to the diviner, (he said to him): "O diviner, you were right . . .". 102.8. Cp. 102.5. (Ar. T:). Prs.

r.umerd tamed (of hawk), trained. — *r.umerd m.anaru* to be tamed. *r.umerd etum burw* a tamed hawk.

(Cp. Sh. *r.umerki*, to rear, accustom; Kho. *r.um dhik*, to become accustomed, because without fear.

r.unda -naig y plane. H. Prs.

r.unjapum small cowhorn powder-flask (used to hold priming-powder). — *r.unjapumu mirli.ug* priming-powder. (Cp. perhaps Prs. *r.unjak*, priming-pan).

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from India was on this religious basis.

However, records clearly indicate that Hunza had for many years enjoyed a pleasant relationship and trade with her Chinese neighbors through the Province of Singkiang. History shows that for ages the caravans moved continually from Kashgar, Urumchi and Yarkand down through Hunza and on to Gilgit, Peshawar, Afghanistan, Persia and further westward.

Hunza in those days used a lot of rice, which came from China. Wheat has practically completely replaced rice.

If this gives rise to the impression that Hunza was not as self-sufficient as you imagined, I am sorry, but I am dealing with facts and not myths . . . unless they are so identified. I don't believe nor does data prove that, while caravans moved from Turkestan through Hunza, there was any great trade or barter between the people of Hunza and Turkestan.

But because of the regular movement of these caravans across Hunza territory, it is easy to comprehend that most of the things the Hunzans would use and require would come from China and there would be a strong Chinese or Turkic influence in the area. Upon checking closely into the records and history, I found that the Chinese district bordering Hunza was also principally Mohammedan in religion as are most of the Turkic peoples. Mir Nazim Khan states clearly in his autobiography that the Mir of Hunza had possession of vast acreages in China along the Yarkand River, on which roamed herds of yaks and other domestic beasts. (It wasn't China then as they had not yet claimed it.)

The Mirs of Hunza have for many years—in fact, from time immemorial—paid tribute to the Chinese government at Kashgar. From the records that I have been able to find, they paid tribute to Kashgar long

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and up and down the dangerous rivers. Yes, even the yak bones and horns are never wasted. Picks are fashioned from them. They even find their way into the walls of the homes of the people of Hunza, for they are lighter than stones.

Still I haven't yet mentioned what is generally accepted as the yak's most important contribution to the lives of the people in the highest mountain ranges in the world . . . and that is from the little green herbage they get, they give a good quantity of rich milk, from which is made the famous yak butter. Then last and perhaps even most important, it is butchered for its good quality, health-sustaining meat.

Even the yak tails are useful . . . as brooms or dusters . . . and many are shipped to the Western world and used as Santa Claus beards. And they do make the best Santa Claus beards of all. I know—I have a couple!

Now after you have had a chance to read these qualifications, perhaps you, too, will share my admiration and appreciation of the world's most useful animal.

I was up bright and early the morning I was to go to meet the yaks. Yes, it was just 6 o'clock when I was walking down the enclosed staircase towards the Mir's palace—leaving Cecil asleep, as he still had to remain in bed as the doctor had advised.

I met Jahangir coming from the other guest house and he joined me. We had agreed the previous night to be up at 6 but I never expected that it would work out right on the beam, as it happened in this instance.

So down we went along the stone staircases from one garden level to another until we reached the Mir's palace and then we began to climb up the long wooden staircase again.

As usual, the Mir was there to welcome us, along

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there would still be ample time to grow another crop before the frost came. Therefore, that adds credence to the statement that they can grow two crops a year.

I gathered that buckwheat was their most important second crop and it was not hard to understand, because it thrives on the poorer and lighter soils, where other grains might not do as well. Further, it needs only about ten weeks to mature and it has the added advantage of flowering and setting its crops continuously, so that a fair harvest can be had at most any time.

Then, too, it is a crop that can stand the colder weather; that is, the chilly nights in early fall and spring that they are bound to have in these high mountain areas. In actuality, the buckwheat blooms continually and flowers, green seed and ripe seed can be found on the plants at one and the same time.

There is another good reason why the Hunzans grow a lot of buckwheat. It invariably leaves the soil in splendid physical condition and believe me, that is very, very important to the people of Hunza. In addition, this crop makes splendid food for their farm animals. It makes a fine green manure as well as a weed smother crop.

It must be remembered that buckwheat makes a dandy emergency crop if and when other earlier crops have failed. So it is not hard to understand why it would be one of the most important grain crops in Hunza.

They don't have bees in Hunza, I was sorry to learn, and therefore there is no buckwheat honey.

The Hunzans are chiefly vegetarians—whether by choice or necessity is hard to establish, although I would say that they had little choice in the matter because they just don't have the area to waste on animals. They can't afford to get their food second-hand. While there

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311 were a few valleys where a bit of pasture might have been established or used, they just couldn't afford to waste acres for pasture purposes.

234 251 262 I did not see any cheese—that is, cheese as we know it—in Hunza, but I maintain that their stored butter is cheese. I knew from what I had read and learned that they have a most unusual method of storing their butter, and one day the Mir sent one of his servants out to bring some in. In a few minutes the servant returned, carrying on a tray a huge bundle that looked like and was slightly larger than a football. He placed it in front of me and told me to go ahead and unwrap it, which I did. It was neatly and firmly wrapped in birchbark and when I removed layer after layer of wet, dripping bark, I at last came to the so-called butter. It was gleaming pure white. A knife was handed to me and I dug a little piece out of the side and tasted it. It was absolutely delicious. It had a fresh wholesome flavor. I thought it was cheese and that is what I really believe it is.

234 Their method of making this butter is as follows: Goat, sheep, cow or yak milk is used. Their method of churning butter is strictly Eastern. They do not use wooden or metal churns as they are found and known in the West. Usually goat skins are used. They are turned inside out so that the smooth, tanned side is outside. Then the ends of the hide are carefully sewn together. Openings are allowed to remain by means of the legs, and these are used for filling the skin with the milk to be churned and later to extract the butter. While the churning is taking place, the leg openings are firmly tied.

Then the milk-filled hide is joggled, weedled, spanked, turned and twisted over the knees and this is maintained continually until some sort of solidification takes place. Just as with us, impatience and inquisitive-

ness become master and the shaking is stopped, while a peek is taken by untying a leg opening to see if the process is beginning. 234

When at last butter is formed, it is squeezed out of the skin churn and then they make firm round balls out of it. It is wrapped in birchbark, placed underneath a water channel and left there for months, or years as the case may be. One record through which I poured related that this butter was sometimes kept for 100 years. I found no verification of this from the citizens of Hunza. Perhaps in this instance the butter was forgotten and was discovered many years later, but it is kept for years and is usually brought out for special celebrations and other occasions. 234 251 [262]

Now you will hear the word "ghee" referred to on every hand when talking about food. This is the selfsame butter but heated to the melting point and allowed to harden. By then it turns into a bright yellow color. It is used as a spread but also for cooking, baking, frying and such. Most Hunzans prefer "ghee" over the plain ordinary butter. The Mir told me that he and his household all preferred it to butter. 234 262

So therefore, besides the fruit, nuts, grain and vegetable crops, they have curd, ghee, butter (cheese) and milk. Those who do eat meat would be lucky if they could afford to have it more than two or three times a year, but I understand meat is available for most festive occasions. 262

While in all probabilities they dry other types of fruit, I did not see any other dried fruits but apricots. On my travels throughout the country I saw thousands of trees and probably millions of apricots but I did not see one go to waste. Everywhere I went apricots were drying. They had been split open, the stone removed and stored and the fruit left for the sun and air to cure and dry 251

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CHAPTER 36

2000 Years of Bread!

256 ONE OF THE THINGS that I did want to witness with my own eyes was the feeding and operation of a flour mill in Hunza. Apart from all of the other important and interesting data that I had hoped to gather while in this part of the world, the operation of the wheat mill was one that to me had great portent. I wanted to see the wheat actually going into the mill and coming out as flour.

000 Bread is said to be the staff of life. Well, whether it is or not remains a moot question. But to me at least, bread is important. I always have been a big bread eater.

121 Now it was only during the past few years that by 262 reading and learning I found out how useless or even harmful the pleasant white loaf that we know in America is and can be. Having a fair idea about the health record as it exists in America and knowing the kind of

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bread we eat, I was greatly interested when I heard about the people of Hunza and then found out that they eat only bread that is made from whole grain.

Then, when the same books or facts brought to light that the people of Hunza knew few of the world's ills, my interest was aroused to almost a fever pitch. I wondered if there was any connection between the kind of bread that we ate and our health and the kind of bread they ate in Hunza and their health.

From my own observations I also learned that wheat was the most important crop in Hunza, with the exception of apricots. I have also tried to establish which was the first domesticated grain in the annals of human history and I have not been able to establish clearly whether it was wheat or millet. But wheat is more adaptable to the temperate zones, whereas millet leans more to the warmer climes and it is clearly established that wheat is preferred by the white races.

I soon learned that there was a flour mill that functioned regularly, located on the route that we took from the palace at Baltit to the old palace or old fort. So on one of my walks I made it a point to investigate thoroughly the location, the workings and the construction of this old mill.

On my way up when we stopped at Chalt I saw one of these mills in operation, but I did not actually see the grain being made into flour.

For a man who has spent most of his life in the country and on a farm, I feel embarrassed to admit that I had never seen a flour mill in operation before.

During the past quarter of a century, or even a longer period, milling has, generally speaking, come into the hands of large corporations and that is why, I assume, I got it into my head that milling was a complicated big-time operation that required a great investment

256 splash against the water wheel or paddle. The force is
[376] sufficient to make the millstone revolve at a tremendous pace. The water can be quickly shut off by just putting the missing stone back in place, diverting the water flow down the conduit.

The millstones are enclosed by a tray or bin about 5 or 6 inches high. As the ground wheat or flour is forced out between the stones, it slowly fills the bin. Then it is scooped up into goatskin bags, usually by a woman who is looking after the mill. In this manner it [262] is carried to the individual homes to be used in making the wholesome whole wheat Hunzan bread and chapatties.

There appeared to be no large scale or assembly line grinding. Each individual came in with a container of wheat to be ground.

[262] Barley and rye are also used for flour and occasionally, millet and buckwheat.

262 The earliest crop that can be ground into flour in
[243] Hunza is barley. After the long winter, food supplies
[527] are worn to the near starvation level and when the first barley is ready for harvest, people of Hunza have cause to celebrate and do so in their barley festival.

252 I soon learned why chapatties were used in prefer-
262 ence to bread, not only in Hunza but all over Pakistan and India. A chapatty requires only flour and water, a bit of mixing and then rolling out and laying on a piece of metal that is laid over a fire. In a few minutes it can be turned and then it is ready for eating. Even though bread might taste better, it certainly would require a lot more preparation. Simplicity is the keynote!

251 From what I saw, very little flour is stored and probably the people of Hunza have long ago learned their lesson, that wheat ground into flour does not have long keeping qualities.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

CHAPTER 37

Hunza Fat Factory

I SOMETIMES BELIEVE—in fact, it is a conviction of mine—that in America we waste or cast aside the most vital parts of many foods and we use as food the part that is of lower nutritive content.

In Hunza the kernels of the apricots are gathered and stored. Some of them are cracked and eaten out of hand. But the major portion is put away for future use and then turned into apricot oil.

Never, ever did I see one single apricot kernel wasted in Hunza. If you tasted the kernel of the apricot, you'd soon know why. It is every bit as delicious and fine flavored as the finest almond. In fact, the almond, peach and apricot are very closely related. I contend that the flavor of the apricot seed is every bit as good as that of the almond. The almond, however, gains its popularity and superiority because of its thinner shell, which means easier cracking.

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

Whether or not apricot oil contains any special qualities I am unable to say. Perhaps someone will do some research on it in the near future and perhaps we will learn that apricot oil is another of the reasons why the Hunzans keep their health.

262
164
252

But for the moment, contrast the way the Hunzans get their oil and the way the people of the Western world get theirs. I know of no oil that is offered for general sale in America that is not treated or rendered by a harsh chemical solvent. Nor do I know of any oil sold or that is generally procurable on which a color extractor or bleach is not used. There is no reason why we cannot have apricot oil in the West, but if we did have it, I'm afraid any or most of its good, health-giving effects would be lost, if a solvent or a bleaching agent were employed.

Yes, I do know that there are vegetable oils offered on the market that have been prepared by the expeller method, but such oils are seldom seen, are quite expensive and only the keenly health-minded people who know what they want will pay the price and look for them.

Maybe sunflower seed oil, corn oil or olive oil are every bit as good as apricot oil, but the *process*—therein lies the secret of health or disease. The most satisfactory method of rendering oil from grains or nuts is the simple natural cold press process, after which it is filtered.

The accent during the past few years has been markedly towards the vegetable oils against animal oils. Researchers seem to have proven without any fear of contradiction, that the vegetable oils are much less harmful or actually beneficial to the human system, whereas the animal oils are suspected as being prime contributors in most cases to arteriosclerosis and ultimately, heart disease.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

The breakfast, most meager by our standards, consists of a bowl of fresh or boiled apricots with chapatties. This is sufficient to keep the family working in the fields or doing other household and farm chores until 10 o'clock.

Then lunch is served and it is made up of fresh or boiled vegetables, dried apricots and chapatties. The men get two chapatties for this meal, whereas the women and children are restricted to one chapatty. Then off again to their duties—invariably on the land.

The midday meal is usually taken between 1 and 2 o'clock and in the summer this would mean, during the hottest part of the day. For this meal dried apricots, rubbed with the hands in water to form a soup, constitute the main course. A bowl or cupful of this gruel is drunk. This is the procedure during the months when fresh apricots from the trees are not available. During the period from late spring until autumn, fresh apricots are always available and these are used instead of the dried ones.

The dinner hour usually reigns from 5 to 7 o'clock. For this meal more food than for the other meals is used and consumed. Vegetables, either or both boiled and raw, are eaten along with any one of the fruits like plums, peaches, pears, apples or apricots—then always chapatties.

If I haven't made it clear before, chapatties are the bread that is used almost exclusively throughout Pakistan and India. These are flat unleavened sheets of bread made from whole wheat—stone ground. They are the Indian "staff of life."

Cooking and preparation of meals as we know it in the average home in America is definitely not part of the Hunzan way of life. Whereas in our way of life most foods are prepared by boiling, frying, baking,

roasting or broiling, in Hunza most of the foods are eaten raw or lightly cooked.

To me, at least, the reason was plain and clear . . . they have little or no fuel. Coal is unknown, wood extremely hard to get . . . they have to go a long way to find a bit of forest or woodland. I saw practically none in the Hunza area. In another area I visited—Punial—one could see a few trees and copses that represented their woodlands. But timber suitable for firewood was not within reach of the people of Hunza. The bit of wood they did get would most likely come from an apricot or other fruit tree that had outlived its usefulness.

One of the most important reasons that apricots have become such an important part in the Hunzan diet is the fact that, by having found or created early, mid-season and late varieties, the Hunzan season for apricots extends two full months. This is a most vital consideration and is well worth remembering.

The staple oil or fat of the people is apricot oil. Ghee is used regularly, but butter can only be afforded and used on special occasions.

During the entire summer seldom, if ever, is meat served or seen on an average Hunzan's table, but during the three hard winter months (December, January and February) meat or chicken is sometimes used, if available (which is seldom). Even then, it is used only by the more prosperous or wealthy people. The poorer people can't afford to kill their cattle and use them for beef except on special occasions or religious holidays.

When I say the poorer people, I should qualify this statement, for there are no class distinctions whatsoever in Hunza. However, there are those families who own but one acre of land and there are those who own 10 acres. Therefore it is to be expected that there would be a difference in their living standards.

262 A farmer who owned and worked 10 acres of work-
556 able land might be able to afford to slaughter a sheep,
231 a goat or a bullock once a year. Yet this luxury could not be dreamed of by the farmer with but one acre.

273 Also, while winter lasts, a glass of wine made from
245 Hunzan grapes is enjoyed occasionally . . . but chiefly by the male head of the household.

415 Knives, forks and spoons as are used in the West are
[412] not seen in the average Hunzan home and even earthenware plates are rare. But cups and earthenware bowls are to be found in most homes. Wooden bowls fashioned out of walnut by the wood-turner of the village are also used in many homes.

352 The rooms are quite bare in most homes. Furniture is a luxury and a rarity. In the homes there are found usually a chest, a chair or a couch and a table. Shelves to hold dishes are seen in most every home. Occasionally, a dresser or cabinet can be found. The floor in an average Hunzan home is an earthen one with a large
354 square hole in the center for the fire. Then, of course, there is a large square hole in the roof to allow the smoke to leave and to allow light to enter, for there are no glass windows. This is fully open in the summer but during the colder winter days the hole is kept
4 partly or almost closed. This is the chief contributor to the eye troubles which affect many people in Hunza, as mentioned elsewhere in this book.

439 At one time little or no money ever entered Hunza
437 and the meager trade that they did do with passing caravans was by means of barter. The caravans coming through from China would bring cooking utensils, cloth, silk, tea and other commodities. For these, the people of Hunza would trade some of their crops or would work as coolies, porters or bearers.

ccc During the past few years a bit of money has come

164 "Yes," said the doctor, "I am alarmed at the great increase in goiter cases in Hunza, especially among the younger people, where it is rampant. Also, cavities in the teeth of the people are being found regularly, whereas a few years ago tooth trouble in any form was practically unknown, judging from the information at my disposal!"

When he spoke to me he was genuinely distressed at the increased occurrence of both of these maladies.

"To what do you attribute the increase in these conditions, Doctor?" I asked.

He replied, "As yet I have been unable to lay my finger on anything specific concerning this."

I have been interested in Hunza for many years and during this period I have devoured every available piece of literature on these fascinating people. Thus, marshalling my mental forces, I said to him, "Have any major changes taken place in the diet or living habits of the people of Hunza?"

"Not that I am positively aware of," he said meditatingly.

"Where do the people of Hunza get their salt from?" I asked.

"It is usually flown in from Pindi to Gilgit and then carried up the trail to Baltit and other parts of Hunza."

I learned that it was also carried by jeep and pack animals from Rawalpindi across the Babusar Pass into Gilgit as well.

"How long has this been going on?"

This the good doctor could not answer. But the Mir was close by and he said it was longer than ten years now that the salt had been imported.

"Where did you get your salt from before?" I said to the Mir.

"Why," he replied, "the people of Hunza have been

164 proved laboratory by a qualified technician.

164 Their food is natural, simple, unsophisticated, without any unnatural, inorganic, synthetic additives whatsoever. There is no fragmentation in the foods they eat. They do not separate any part of the wheat when they make flour, nor do they separate any part of the other grains when using them.

262

252 Due to necessity they do not cook foods too much, nor do they cook any food that can be eaten and enjoyed without cooking.

Food is a serious, all prevalent problem. The few trees that they have and that they can grow must be protected for food, shade and timber.

However, I must truthfully admit that the reason that the Hunzans do not cook their food is because of the scarcity and inaccessibility to supplies of fuel.

751 Vaccination is not practiced and, as far as I know, is unknown in Hunza. Pasteurization in any form is 744 neither practiced nor known. Chlorination is unheard of. Fluoridation is unheard of. No coloring whatsoever is added to any of their food, not even their butter.

263 Up until recent years the salt used by the people of 439 Hunza came from the Shimshal area, somewhere near where the Shimshal River and the Muztagh join together. This salt is unrefined and used just as it is mined from this mountain area. It obviously contains many natural so-called impurities.

493 The only wheeled vehicles—two jeeps, in fact—are owned and used by the Mir chiefly for bringing in supplies, when road conditions permit. Therefore one must walk for every chore. There is no motorized 377 equipment used in Hunza with the exception of the electric light plant in the Mir's palace. Apart from what 401 I have mentioned here, mechanization of any sort is unknown.

Both the irrigation water which they use on their fields and their drinking water come from the Ultar Glacier. Therefore, their entire water supply is glacial. 312

Their entire economy is dependent upon their agriculture and everything that is taken from the soil is religiously returned to the soil. Chemical fertilizers or chemical sprays of any type are unknown to the people. It may be possible that the Mir has used sprays in his palace grounds. He might have brought them with him from his visits abroad, but I saw none and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, none are used. I saw no insect infestation of any kind or type through my entire travels and investigations. In Gilgit I did see insect injury in a garden and it was apparent to me that the soil of Hunza was in balance and therefore it produced food that was balanced. Therefore, it is understandable, the people of Hunza are healthy! 241 [433]

The food of the people of Hunza is in the main, raw food. It is neither dissected nor desiccated, but is eaten in the whole. The only exception that I could find to this rule was in their milk. When they made butter, they drank the remains or the buttermilk. Of course, in due time, they ate the butter. 262

All children born in Hunza are breast fed for at least two years. Male children are often breast fed until they are 3 years old. 853

I do not intend to stress any one factor of the points mentioned above. I am submitting them to you for your consideration and study. 000

It is, however, my belief that their soil and location does not lend itself to mechanization and therefore their good health should continue. If they could mechanize, then they would not get the needed beneficial exercise which, as you can gather, is one of the important contributors to their good health and longevity. 241 164

000 from it the organic method of land use.

262 From what I have seen, I have deduced the fact that the people of Hunza use less fat of any kind than most people found throughout the world. Some nations may lack animal fats, but make it up by fats found in [133] fish. The people of Hunza have very little animal fat and no fish, for there are few lakes in the area and the only fish that are found in the streams are those that were placed there, in an attempt to stock the Hunza and Gilgit Rivers and some of the nullahs.

They do get some fat from the butter that is made from the milk of the goats, sheep and a few cows and yaks. They also get a bit of fat from their walnuts and the kernels of the apricot seeds, neither of which can be considered to be high in fat content.

Lest you think that this lack of fat would have some effect on the people, let me stress that there are no more energetic people found in the world and they are continually active.

251 As soon as fall sets in and the harvest is completed, they carefully select and store and prepare their winter's larder. Then they divide and apportion all of their foods so they will last them throughout the winter.

262 An important addition to their winter diet is a gruel or a soup that they make from the various grains and this is eaten with their chapatties.

515 Dentifrices or toothpastes or powders of any kind
164 are not used in Hunza. Yet the people have unusually fine teeth. False teeth, plates or dentures are unknown. So even at the expense of antagonizing the toothbrush and toothpaste people, it would appear that these implements and concoctions do not create good healthy teeth.

* * * * *

000 I have debated within myself whether or not I should

000 in the process of creating health and long life in Hunza!"

Here I have summarized my conclusions, which I believe account for the superior health, the unbounded energy and the long life of the Hunzans. Call it a set of rules if you like. I prefer to believe that it is the common sense way of life adopted by an intelligent people.

262 (1) Their food consists chiefly of natural fruits, grains and vegetables. Meat is eaten only on festive and other rare occasions. While grains—that is, the whole grains—are stored, they are ground for use in baking and gruel, only as required.

241 (2) Their soil is maintained by natural cultural practices. That which is taken from the soil is returned to the soil—both vegetable and animal.

461 (3) Most of the people of Hunza, including women and children, work daily in the fields. There is no Sabbath or weekly rest day, although there are religious holidays and festive days. Therefore, they work seven days a week . . . and in most cases, from dawn until darkness falls. Therefore, practically all the inhabitants of Hunza do their share of physical work. There are few, if any, completely sedentary occupations in Hunza.

262 (4) Very little fat of any kind is consumed by the people. The fats that are used consist of ghee, butter, apricot oil and negligible quantities of animal fats.

[241] (5) Complete absence of foreign additives. Nothing whatsoever is added to either the soil or the food of the people or the animals.

263 (6) Natural, unrefined salt was used by the people up until a few years ago . . . and this was an important factor in maintaining their health.

241 (7) No sprays or spray materials of any kind are used on their crops, and no unnatural chemical fer-

tilizers are used on their lands. 241

(8) All children in Hunza are breast fed. There is no specific prenatal care, and the good health of the mother is passed on to the infant . . . and the breast feeding gets the child off to a good start. 853 843

(9) All fruits and vegetables that are dried for storing have been exposed to the sun and air. No foreign substances are added or treatments used. 251

(10) Native herbs are used extensively . . . both as seasoning and as food. 262

(11) Glacial waters are the only waters used both for drinking and irrigation purposes. These glacial waters definitely contain many valuable minerals and nutrients, as revealed by laboratory tests. 312 146

(12) Apricot kernel oil is the most important source of fat. It is used in cooking as well as for salads. No solvents or extreme heat is used to extract the apricot oil. 262

(13) Natural whole grains are used broadly. There is no fragmentization in Hunza. While they do bake a bread, their chief form of bread is an unleavened type which they call chapatties. They are composed of whole ground grain made into a dough and rolled very thin. Then they are heated or baked slightly.

(14) Hunzans are light eaters. Their diet is comparatively meager.

There is no doubt that, if any human being were to follow the health rules of the people of Hunza, he could regain or maintain health. There is no magic formula connected with this set of rules. They are simple and to the point. In fact, they are so simple that most people will doubt their value. To these people I would say, "All of the great things in life—the important things and things of value—are invariably simple!" 000

In Hunza the following established Western health 744

744 processes are unknown and unused: chlorination, pasteurization, hydrogenation, inoculation, fluoridation.

262 The single most important food, as used by the people of Hunza, consists of dried apricots and whole ground grain mixed together to form a toddy or a gruel. This is actually drunk cold and is enjoyed by all members of the family. It is usually partaken of during the late afternoon or early evening.

Their other important foods consist of the following: potatoes, garlic, beans, peas, carrots, tomatoes and some leafy vegetables. In fruits, they have mulberries, apples, walnuts and a few plums, pears and cherries. Grapes are used chiefly for making wine.

They grow a fairly broad selection of grains: millet, wheat, barley, rye, buckwheat and a little rice. Lucerne [231] or alfalfa is generally used for cattle fodder.

[245] The Persian Walnut is the chief nut grown in the area. Almonds are raised, and their cultivation is increasing. A fair quantity of apricot kernels are used.

Ghee is used for baking and as a spread on their chapatties or bread—the oven-baked loaf. Sour milk, buttermilk and curd are a regular part of the diet.

Meat does not form an important part of the Hunzan way of life.

Most foods are consumed raw. The lack of wood or other heating materials probably accounts for the paucity of cooked foods in their culinary art.

147 There are practically no cases of overweight among the people of Hunza. The importance of this factor cannot be overestimated.

000 The path to health is a simple, easy-to-follow road. It is the most natural way in the world to the people of Hunza. However, to follow a similar path in America would involve complications, difficulties and many frustrations.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

CHAPTER 57

So Long--But Not Good-Bye, I Hope

WHEN WE reached the dining room at the appointed hour practically the entire group of the previous evening was there. Both the Mir and the Rani were present, of course.

This was the customary breakfast and, as usual, I chose the Hunzan bread rather than the chapatties. Somehow I never could take a liking to the chapatties, but I did eat them in places where there was no alternative such as Hunzan bread. Their bread is truly one of the most delectable breads I have ever eaten anywhere. They must use yeast in making it because it is not flat like a chapatty. On the other hand, it is not high like our bread either. It is an oval shaped loaf about 3 inches thick in the center and about an inch thick at the edges. Yes, it is made out of stone ground, untreated, whole wheat flour. I can vouch for that because I saw the actual wheat being ground into flour.

Then there was ghee or yak butter to be used as a spread. Most of them at the table selected ghee. I chose the white yak butter. 262

Western types of raw vegetables on the table are conspicuous by their absence. I had all my meals at the palace and the only raw vegetable on the table at any time was lettuce and the lettuce, the Mir informed me, was from seed that I had sent him some months prior to my arrival.

So it is clear that vegetables like lettuce, celery, cucumbers, cabbage, carrots, radishes and such are not generally used in this part of the world as a fresh salad with meals. I do know they use onions and peppers. The onions that I saw were of the green type and I recall being presented with a bunch of them by a youngster who popped out of one of the houses on the trail. I gave him a small coin as a gift or reward. The child couldn't have been more than 3 or 4 years old and he shouted with glee and joy to his mother, holding the tiny coin aloft for everyone to see. He seemed happier at the gift of that coin than any youngster I can ever recall. I'm sure the big hundle of green onions was worth many times what I had given him! 123 436

I believe this illustrates just how scarce or unusual money is there!

This was a sad breakfast for me because now I was on the threshold of leaving and I wasn't too happy to go from this enchanted place. I walked slowly down the long staircase that led from the palace and the rest followed behind. 123

There in the yard was the jeep with the driver and a few servants waiting and watching. Our baggage was placed aboard.

I left a sum of 40 rupees with the Mir to divide among the many servants who had given so graciously

8: Clark N-5 (1948-1951)1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
[P.40-E]
142
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Seclusion of the sexes is rigid from early youth. Hunza's Moslem girls, right, are denied to live almost totally dissociated from the lives of men. Here two are chaperones.

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
[P43-C]
Hunza

seventeen." Two years before he had told me he was thirteen.

Because the Hunzas, themselves, have no written records, I attempted to estimate longevity on the basis of physical signs of age.

THE elderly Hunzas, I discovered firsthand, show impressive dental evidence of being no older than sixty to seventy-five, not an unusual old-age in Western countries. Owing to a lack of vitamin D and milk in their diet, the great majority of Hunzas have soft teeth. A young man of about twenty-one, just cutting his wisdom teeth, typically has six-year molars that are worn flat. This allows a rate-of-wear calculation that is relatively dependable in determining age. For instance, a man over one hundred years old, at this rate, would have all his molars worn down to the jawbone, but this does not occur even in the teeth of the very oldest Hunzas.

"Purity" has been attributed to the Hunza diet, but the diet itself has seldom been more than superficially observed or related to its highly seasonal pattern. In the summertime the Hunza cuisine is limited, but not too bad. Chapatties—shaped like pancakes and made of coarse, whole-barley flour and water—form the staple, and salted tea is the beverage. Mulberries, fresh apricots, cucumbers, and occasionally sheep-milk butter, round out the

262 meals. By September, wheat replaces the barley, and fresh grapes, carrots, and some melons are available. The [273] grapes are either eaten fresh or made into wine; the supply of both is always exhausted by spring.

796 Tumushuling, the great winter cele-585 bration in mid-December, is a sort of delayed thanksgiving feast. December 19, the day before the Tumushuling celebration, is the day in Hunza on which all weddings are celebrated. Each bridegroom, accompanied by several of his friends, goes to the home of his betrothed and sits outside her door, which is kept partially open. Periodically, he hands in gifts of cloth, food, or perhaps even a dish or pan [431] from Pakistan. Meanwhile, his friends give chapatties with butter, a real luxury, to any wayfarers who may pass by—a custom that encourages some travelers to take circuitous routes in order to encounter the well-to-do [492] marriages. By evening the gifts are exhausted and the groom returns home, leading his veiled bride, who either walks or is mounted on a donkey. Tumushuling thus is a group wedding celebration as well as a harvest festival. [643] The Mir gives a small gift, usually a [431] piece of cloth, to every bridegroom who comes to claim it.

585 As in most Asian cultures, Hunza 583 marriage is civil rather than sacramental. The ceremony is really a not-too-symbolic purchase of the bride.

584 Marriages are not arranged against
586 the will of either party, and although
divorce is legally very easy for men
593 or women, it is not common. Women
are neither abused nor overworked,
and the mother is the respected chief
of the house, as the father is of the
[581] farm. Marriage does not encompass
[562] companionship as we know it: men
spend their spare time in the company
of other men, and women visit exclu-
562 sively with other women. They hold
535 their dances on separate threshing
floors a half-mile or so apart, on the
same night, and woe betide the eager
teen-age boy who dresses in his sister's
clothes and sneaks into a girls' dance.

262 At the time of the Tumushuling,
[296] and only then, Hunza families
[231] butcher a sheep or two: cold weather
[251] preserves the meat for the few days
before it is all eaten—and it *is* virtually
all eaten. Even the long bones are
cracked to extract the last marrow.
After this taste of meat, the winter of
the dietary year sets in. Gradually the
supply of carrots and potatoes fails,
then the wheat, the barley, the dried
[148] apricots, and the tea. By springtime
the poorer folk may eat only once in
two days. No one starves to death, but
no one has enough to stop hunger.

146 The regular Hunza diet has no fats,
no animal proteins, no vitamin A, no
vitamin D, a deficiency of vitamin B,
and a serious deficiency of calcium.
Apricots contain some sugar and vita-
min C, but the poorer families are un-
245 able to raise large crops. (The size
556 of apricot orchards determines a
man's wealth and status.) Hunzas use
372 every bit of the apricot, as they do of
824 the sheep. They cut the pits from the
fruits, crack them, and remove the al-
[412] mond-like nuts. The women hand-
grind these with stone mortars, then
squeeze the meal between a hand-stone
[354] and a flat rock to express the oil. Apri-
cot oil is fuel for the saucer-shaped
lamps that illuminate their homes, as
lamps of this type have done since the
824 Bronze Age. The oil is very bitter, na-
278 turally enough, because of its high
content of prussic acid, fifty drops of
which are said to be lethal in about
[273] four hours. Men add a few drops, as
[262] bitters, to their wine, and occasion-
ally a despondent woman takes a dose
in order to commit suicide.

164 Mild cases of rickets and scurvy
146 are rampant every spring—not enough
to kill, just enough to loosen teeth,
cause aching knees, and deform ribs

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

644 cluded that my men had been stopped without the Chief's knowledge, and that I would not stand being treated in this way for a moment. My message brought a full apology, but the incident showed the tendency to insolence on the Chief's part, for which I was prepared, and that it was necessary to prove to the young savage that we were not afraid of him, and should insist on being treated with proper distinction.

262 The Thum sent down during the day a dinner for the whole camp, among the ingredients for which was a half-bred yak. In the old days throughout these regions the chief guest had to cut off the beast's head, or, at all events, to strike the first blow with his sword. This part of the ceremony we dispensed with, but we ate the resulting beef, the first we had tasted since leaving India, for in Kashmir, and its outlying districts—Gilgit, Skardu, and Punyal—taking the life of the sacred cow is a deadly crime, which the Hindu rulers punished severely. There were still at this time unfortunate Mahomedans in prison at Srinagar, who had been confined for years, for keeping themselves and families alive during a famine by killing and eating cows.

311 In the afternoon we went for a walk and admired the cultivation, which is extraordinarily careful, the terraced fields falling in one continuous sheet to the river hundreds of feet below. Every inch of available ground is made use of, and we found many miniature fields a couple of feet wide and a dozen feet in length, telling of the pressure of the population, and the difficulty of the food supply.

241 I had heard a tradition that during the fruit season
262 the people were prohibited from eating any form

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burush. Av7

of bread or grain, but I was told that this was not the case. What does happen here, and throughout the region of the Eastern Hindu-Kush, is that the fruit crops are so prolific that the people naturally live largely on them in summer. Even the animals take to a fruit diet, and you see donkeys, cows, and goats eating the fallen mulberries. The very dogs feed on them, and our fox-terriers took to the fruit *régime* most kindly, and became quite connoisseurs in the different kinds of mulberry, preferring the "Shahtut," the king mulberry, a large luscious purple fruit, to all others.

The great water channel referred to before deserves passing mention. Its head waters are some half a mile up the ravine, on the edge of which Hunza stands, a few hundred feet below the end of the glacier which feeds it. For the whole of this half mile the water channel is a monument of patient labour, and of the clever adaption of the rudest means to the most important end. It is carried across the face of a cliff, in some places of sheer rock, in others of hard conglomerate. Sometimes it runs along the top of a built-up wall thirty or forty feet high, at others through carefully excavated channels in the conglomerate which avoid the difficulties of a sharp corner by tunnelling through it. Where the face of the rock is perpendicular, and its foot washed by the torrent is unsuitable for the foundations of a retaining wall, the water flows through timber troughs, supported by wooden brackets adroitly fixed into the cliff. I did not measure the output, but, roughly, the channel must have at its widest a section of

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539

Others go their own way
But I am faithful to you,
Sahib-i-zeman.

I, Suleem, the distracted in mind,
Have seized the skirts of your bounty,
Sahib-i-zeman.

D
Bo
795
[262]

Wine is drunk by the Maulais without concealment, and they do not strictly abstain from eating the flesh of animals not killed in the orthodox manner. Being absolved from the constraints of prayer and fasting, the practical religion of the uneducated consists of little more than obeying the commands of their Caliphas and Pirs, and making offerings freely through them to their spiritual chief. They are by no means intolerant, and, where permitted, live on good terms with Soonnees and Shiahs, with whom they intermarry without restraint. The only cases I have known of ill-feeling between the sects have been caused in the first instance by Soonnees from other places. From Shiahs they seldom meet with hostility, owing probably to the respect they show to Ali; though they do not celebrate the martyrdom of Hassan and Hoossain.

D
Bo
[798]

D
795
764
Bo
795
764

On the death of a Maulai the choicest articles of his portable property are set aside for the Imam-i-zeman. No food is cooked in the house, for from three to eight days, according to the rank of the deceased, and the family subsist on food cooked elsewhere. Food is also placed on trees and exposed places for birds to eat. On the evening of the appointed day a Calipha comes to the house, and food is cooked and offered to him. He eats a mouthful and places a piece of bread in the mouth of the dead man's heir, after which the rest of the family partake. The lamp is then lighted (from which the ceremony is called "Chiragh roshan"), and a six-stringed guitar called "gherba" being produced, singing is kept up for the whole night.

D
Bo
795

I have sometimes shown the portrait of Agha Khan in Yule's Marco Palo to Maulais. They pass their fingers lightly over it and then touch their eyes and lips.

Bi
795
173

The Noor Buksh sect, which has been before referred to, is peculiar to Baltistan, where it numbers over twenty thousands followers, most of whom are to be found in Shigar and Khapolor. It is apparently an attempt to form a *vid media* between Shiah and Soonnee doctrines. Mahommedanism is said to have been first introduced into Baltistan according to Soonnee tenets by Syud Ali Hamadani. Later, a certain